McKean County Miner.

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State Library Harrisburg

B. C. JONES GETS $3,500 DAMAGES

For Injuries Sustained in Sawmill at North Kane.

WAS A BITTERLY CONTESTED CASE

Jones Entered Suit for $50,000—The Man is Partially Paralyzed—The Case was on Trial Six Days—Jury Out But Two Hours.

One of the most bitterly contested cases in the civil courts of McKean county in recent years has been that of B. C. Jones of Kane, vs' Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa, the plaintiff suing for $50,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been sustained Sept. 28, 1904, while employed in defendant's saw mill located at North Kane. At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the jury returned a verdict of $3,500 in favor of the plaintiff, B. C. Jones.

The plaintiff claiming to have been employed as an edger in the mill, was assigned to the duty of removing or throwing off a belt from a revolving pulley, and while making the attempt, caught his arm between the wheel and belt, sustaining injuries which it is averred has caused paralysis of the entire one side of his body.

The defence claim contributory negligence on the part of the plaintiff, in that he was an experienced saw mill man, familiar with all mechanism and general operation of saw mills and that defendant could in no wise be held responsible for the accident.

The trial commenced Thursday, Jan 24, and lasted six consecutive days, being given to the jury at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of January 30th. Much expert, and other testimony was introduced, there having been over sixty witnesses sworn.

One feature of the trial was the appearance of the plaintiff before the court and jury denuded to the waist, who permitted Dr. Hickman of Kane to introduce fourteen pins into his flesh as evidence that his claim to paralysis was not feigned.

The Court's charge to the jury was an able and exhaustive one, the time so consumed being one hour and twenty minutes. Attys. Gallup & Bouton of Smethport and Mullin & Mullin of Bradford conducted the defense and Atty. John Mullin of Kane presented the case for the plaintiff.

Bradford Team Won.

The first game of basket ball played by the Smethport High School team against an out-of-town team took place at the Lyceum last Thursday evening when the Bradford High School team were their opponents and defeated the locals by a score of 37 to 14 in a game which, though rather one-sided, was exciting. Taking into consideration the fact that the Bradford team was much heavier and more experienced in the game than the boys from this place, the Smethport high school team made a good showing. The boys from over the hill play a very rough game and used these tactics at every opportunity. Many times fouls should have been called when they were allowed and in consequence the score was high. The boys play a clean, fast game and under ordinary circumstances would make it interesting for their opponents, but they do not know how to play rough—nor do they want to.

The Lost was Found.

When Justice B. L. Knapp, who also is court crier for the McKean county courts, went to get his overcoat, which he had left in the lawyer's room, Monday evening, he was amazed to find it missing, nor could it be found anywhere after a diligent search. The 'squire thought it was all up with the overcoat, at least he purchased a new one, though with the understanding that he would return it should the other one be found. No trace of the missing article could be had on Tuesday and a careful search of outgoing trains revealed no person with the aforesaid coat. Some time in the afternoon Mr. Knapp had occasion to go into the lawyer's room again, and lo, and behold, much to his surprise, the long looked for overcoat was lying on a chair in the corner. It is thought that someone took it by mistake, but whatever might be the reason, the 'squire is nevertheless happy to get it back again.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Don't overlook the clearance sale at The Lindholm Company's store. Many good things are being snatched up.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Borough Primaries.

The primaries for this borough were held at the court house last Saturday from 2 until 8 p. m. Under the new law each party held its primaries at the same hour with the regular election board in charge. It was new to the voters and somewhat misleading to some, but the majority seemed to believe it an improvement over the old form. There were 178 votes cast and of these 141 were Republican, 29 Democrat and 8 Lincoln. It was an unusually light vote when it is taken into consideration that there are in the neighborhood of 475 registered voters. The only competition was on the Rebublican ticket for council and school directors. For the first named office there were five candidates with three to nominate, for the latter there were three candidates with two to nominate. The nominations for the three respective parties are as follows:

Republican—Justice, R. C. Gleason; council, E. E. Heath, M. E. Carlson, 3 years, W. A. Andorfer, unexpired term; school directors, H. H. Redfield, W. F. Specht; assessor, G. H. Hydo; auditor, W. Roy Stark; judge of election, H. R. Henderson; inspector, E. L. McClure; committeeman, W. A. Andorfer.

Democrat—Justice, W. G. Holder; council, W. H. Gallup, F. L. Sherburne, 3 years, H. H. Sass-, unexpired term; school directors, Chas. McKean, H. H. Redfield; assessor M. L. Armstrong; auditor, Wade Burdick; judge of election, I. J. Hamnold; inspector, E. T. Daly; committeeman, F. H. Hungiville.

Lincoln—Justice, R. C. Gleason; committeeman, E. R. Mayo. The remainder of this ticker will be the same as the Democratic.

Hose Company's Banquet.

The second annual banquet of the Smethport Hose Company was held at the hose house last evening. The affair was participated in by about one hundred persons, including firemen, their wives and sweethearts.

Upon arrival at the building the guests were conducted to the spacious parlors on the second floor, where cards and other games had been provided for the pastime of the firemen's guests. The dance hall on the first floor was gaily decorated for the occasion and at the time dancing began, shortly after 9 o'clock, the hall was thronged and from that time until the early hours of the morn the dancers enlivened the room. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music.

At about 11 o'clock the dining hall was thrown open and here also the decorations were profuse and tasteful. The large number of guests enjoyed the refreshments which were of a delicious variety and were served in an admirable manner by several young men of the company.

It was certainly a pleasant event and the members of the committee who had charge of the affair are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

"The Volunteer Organist."

On next Monday evening at the Lyceum will be William B. Gray's four act drama, "The Volunteer Organist" a beautiful drama of New England life. It is an extremely impressive play portraying true to nature, scenes and characters found in the most picturesque of Vermont's rural sections. The play has as one of its central characters a young minister and the story told is one that appeals very forcibly to all classes of theatregoers. The role of the minister is handled in a manner that is both pleasing to the audience and unobjectionable to the clergy. Another character is that of Hubbard Griffin, who is almost a rival of Charles Dickens' "Uriah Heep" as a hypocritical country personage. The song from which the play was adopted was one of the most successful ever composed, but it is hardly to be compared with the phenomenal success of the play. The scenic and electrical effects are startling and realistic, and the company is made up of some well known players.

Directors Elect Officers.

A meeting of directors of the new Crescent Cutlery Company was held at the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company office on Tuesday afternoon and the following officers were elected: President, H H. Redfield; vice president, C. D. Comes; treasurer, Charles McKean, and secretary to the board of directors, Guy H. McCoy. The business transacted at this meeting was of little importance to the public, but plans were formed and it is expected that at another meeting to be held within a few days it is expected that more definite and complete plans will be made. Horace H. Redfield, the newly elected president of the company, was appointed a committee of one to secure an attorney to make out an application for and secure a charter.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

My line of blankets and robes is complete. Come and see them.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

State Capitol Gossip.

As yet the wheels which grind out laws have not got really in motion, but there is every promise of a lively session when they really get down to business for there is a great deal of work to come before both branches of the legislature. Bills are piling up rapidly, nearly every member having one or more measures which he is anxious to pass in the interest of his constituents and his own locality.

We overheard some conversation among the older members of the house, who are in a pretty good position to size up the situation, and they are of the opinion that this will be one of the most interesting sessions held at Harrisburg in many years. They are of the opinion that the complexion of both bodies is decidedly independent in makeup and that they are all using their best efforts in the interests of the people and are not under the directions or dictations of any leader or boss, and their actions thus far bear out this opinion.

This condition is just what the people have been wanting for years, but it will naturally make the session a long one. In the first place many of the bills which have been passed in former years will naturally be repealed and many new bills will have to be passed to take their place. One Representative, who has been here a good many years, said he would not be surprised if the middle of June found them still in session.

One bill passed in 1905 is receiving a good deal of well merited criticism. It is the Trespass Act which makes it unlawful for anyone to trespass on lands of an individual or corporation if the lands are posted whether they are improved or wild or whether or not there is any damage done. Up in McKean county and vicinity this law looked innocent enough for it only deprived the hunter of going on posted lands under a penalty of a fine of $10 and most land owners were too broadminded to prosecute unless actual damage was done. But in other sections this law was used to a sinister purpose. In the coal and coke regions, where the corporations own the land on which their laborers and miners live, this law gave them an opportunity to work a great injustice. Company stores are a thing of the past but still owners of the mines are usually interested in a store and throw all the trade possible to that store. They posted their lands on which their employees lived and arrested any person who attempted to deliver groceries or merchandise to these families unless the goods came from the "favorite" store. The result was that the employees were either obliged to make their purchases at the "favorite" store or carry their purchases home. The nearby farmer could not deliver his produce at the door of the consumer and therefore was forced to sell his product to the "favorite" store, and the independent store could only sell such articles as the purchaser could or would carry home.

It is said that in one instance a boy who was delivering a telephone message was arrested and convicted because the mine owners thought he was delivering merchandise and would not withdraw the charge even when he swore what was the object of his visit to the house. The law is plain and does not make allowance for mitigating circumstances. This law which is so perniciously used in these sections will undoubtedly be repealed.

The Harrisburg Board of Trade gave a reception and banquet for the officials and clerks on Capitol hill last week which was a credit to that body and a very enjoyable affair for the guests. The object of the gathering was to promote good feeling between the people of the city and the Capitol. Governor Stuart and Lieut. Governor Murphy assisted in the receiving after which short addresses were made by the above named gentlemen and several other prominent in both state and city. It is said that years ago there was not the best of feeling between the people of the city and those on Capitol hill but this has been entirely wiped out to the great benefit of both.

Mr. Habgood of McKean has presented a bill for the repeal of the Salus-Grady libel law, more commonly known as the press-muzzler, and it seems to be the general opinion that Mr. Habgood's bill will pass without much opposition. The passage of this bill will be a compliment to Speaker McClain, as it will return his libel law into force, which by the way is an honest and just one to both the people and the press.

Mr. Habgood was slightly injured in a wreck which occurred in the Harrisburg yards last Friday morning just as he was starting for home. He was able to continue his journey and came back on Monday ready to resume his duties.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.
CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see! All dealers.

Buildings Badly Burned.

Bradford suffered two bad fires at almost the same time Sunday evening. One fire destroyed the home of M. W. Knapp on Clarence street, and the other destroyed the home of F. E. Ellison on Boylston street.

Shortly after 6 o'clock the fire was discovered at the Knapp residence by a neighbor and an alarm was turned in, but the building was practically destroyed before the firemen reached the scene. It is thought that this fire was caused from a match dropped by Mrs. Knapp. While in a room the lady lighted a match which fell from her hands to the floor. She stepped upon the match and thinking she had extinguished it, she left the house again. But it is probable that a spark remained to develop into a blaze a few minutes later.

It was while the firemen were enroute to this fire that the alarm was turned in from Boylston street. The blaze was caused by an explosion of gas that had accumulated in the bath room. Mr. Ellison had turned off the gas from that apartment while making a gas connection with a stove upstairs. An open connection, left so by mistake, was the cause of the trouble. When the gas accumulated in the bathroom the odor of it was detected by Mrs. Ellison. She and her husband sought to find the leak for some time, without success. Finally Mrs. Ellison opened the bath room door. Then the explosion occurred, throwing Mrs. Ellison back some distance and wrecking a portion of the bath room wall.

Mr. Ellison hurried to the assistance of his wife, and she was removed to the home of F. E. Neagle, No. 102 Boylston street. Her face, neck and hands were badly burned.

Two Fatalities Near Bradford.

Philander M. Fuller, aged about 70 years, was struck and killed by an Erie passenger train about one half mile west of Riverside Junction Monday evening. The old man was walking on the Erie track and evidently did not hear the warning whistle sounded by Engineer Alger of passenger train No. 117, on its way to Bradford. The engineer reversed his engine and applied the air brakes, but he could not stop in time to save Fuller's life. The man was killed instantly, his skull being crushed and other injuries inflicted.

The body of the dead man was brought to Bradford, and taken to Still's undertaking rooms. From a letter found in one of Fuller's pockets, his identity was established.

The coroner of Cattaraugus county was notified and he gave directions to the undertaker to prepare the remains for burial.

The deceased it is said, leaves a wife and grown up family. He was a veteran soldier. He lived at Irvine's Mills.

Joseph Cross died at his home in Tuna, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, from injuries which were sustained from falling from a load of hay, during the day. Medical aid was summoned but the patient failed to recover consciousness. Deceased was aged 75 years. He had lived at Tuna for many years and was well known in the community and held in high esteem by many friends. The deceased was a veteran of the Civil war and one of the early settlers in the Tuna valley. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, the latter being Mrs. Charles Walker of Tuna.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer"

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" in play form will be a welcome attraction at the Lyceum this evening and the popularity of the famous New England novel of the same name assures crowded attendance. It is a play of New England home life, full of all the feelings and sentiments that are natural to such life. The young man from whom the book and the play have their titles is a wealthy young Boston lawyer who goes into the country for his health. He finds a beautiful woman,a blind girl, who wins his love, and their courtship and devotion is very beautiful. The play is full of unique and interesting characters. The scenic equipment is a most elaborate one, all built specially for this production which competent critics have predicted will easily rival the success of any New England play ever presented.

Men's Club Formed.

The first meeting of the men's club was held last Thursday evening in the parlors of the Baptist church. T. D. Ware was chosen temporary chairman and W. A. Harris secretary. It was voted to call the club "The Round Table." A committee of three was appointed to report at the next meeting on by-laws, nominations and other matters for the good of the club. It was voted to ask D. C. Young to give the club a talk on his trip to Europe and Mr. Young has consented to thus favor them at their next meeting which will be next Friday at 8 p. m. in the parlors of the Baptist church. The men of the town are cordially invited to this meeting.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. C. Young, to reduce stock.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Butts-Stark.—In St. Luke's church on Monday evening, September 14, 1885, by the Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Orpha Stark of Smethport, Pa., to Edward Perry Butts of Geneva, N. Y.

Died, at the residence of her son, Washington Stark, in Smethport borough, on Tuesday morning, September 22, 1885, Mrs. Frances Stark, in the 67th year of her age.

Mrs. Stark was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., on the 3rd day of January, 1819. In 1840 she was married to Mr. J. Warren Stark, who still survives her. In 1841 they were living in Sardinia, Erie county, N. Y., from which place they moved to their old home on Marvin creek, about seven miles southwest of this place. There their children were mostly born. About the year 1865 Mr. Stark moved on the Rockwell farm, about a mile north of Smethport where he remained a couple of years. He then moved to the George Hyde farm, living there about a year, and then rented the Taylor property, a mile west of town, which he occupied four years. For several years past both Mr. and Mrs. Stark have broken down in health and have been living with their children. Lately the father had been living most of the time with his daughter, Mrs. Burlingame, and the mother with her son, Washington. A few weeks ago Mrs. Stark was attacked with typhoid fever of the virulent type which resulted in her death on Tuesday. She leaves a husband, four daughters, Mrs. H. L. Burlingame, Mrs. Ira Lucas, Mrs. George Barrett and Mrs Edward Perry Butts, and one son, Washington, together with a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. The funeral was held at the residence of her son on Wednesday at 1 o'clock, Rev. Bradley officiating. The remains were interred in the cemetery at Kasson.

The fifth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Sharp was appropriately observed at their residence on lower Main street Monday afternoon, September 21, 1885. Over sixty persons were assembled and many useful presents were left behind as a token of the regard of friends. May they live to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary.

This Thursday afternoon, Oct. 1, 1885, Mr. J. F. Rooney's team, hitched to a light lumber wagon, was standing on the scales of the Extract Company at East Smethport, when the five o'clock whistle blew. This frightened them and they ran toward town. Upon reaching the west end of the bridge which spans Potato creek near Bullis' mill they overtook Col. A. I. Wilcox, who was riding with Landlord B. F. Wright's youngest daughters, in a top buggy behind his gray colts. The runaway team came upon the colonel's suddenly that getting out of the way of them was impossible. They literally jumped over his buggy and in doing so tore it into shreds.

The colonel and the children were thrown from the buggy and when picked up he was in an unconscious condition. The children were bruised considerably, one of them having two or three teeth knocked out. The colonel was picked up by some men who were close by and taken to the residence of Mr. Georgin, but shortly after was removed to the Wright House. Doctor Brown is attending him and he says it will be a day or two before the seriousness of his injuries can be ascertained. Undoubtedly there is a serious concussion of the spinal column, and the brain is correspondingly affected.

At Littleton, N. H., August 17, 1885, very suddenly of heart disease, James Barrett, cousin of Gardner Barrett, Esq., of Keating township

Mr. Lue Bush had the misfortune to lose the tips of two fingers while working in Bullis' mill Wednesday, October 16, 1885.

Cardinal McCloskey passed peacefully away in the first hour of the morning of October 10, 1885, the highest dignitary of the Catholic church on this continent and one of the best beloved. He was a fair representative of the democratic rule of the church, which selects its princes from the mass of the people. As a priest, bishop and archbishop he kept unimpaired the confidence of the rulers of his church as well as the body of it. As a citizen of this republic he was esteemed of all men for patriotism, the probity and the exemplary uprightness of his character. His death is a supreme affliction to devout Catholics, but they are not alone in their sorrow. All good christians and good men and women will drop a tear upon the grave of the gentle and faithful prelate, whose death was like his life, lighted with an unwavering faith and endured with patient courage.

Segar-Jenks.—At the parsonage of the M. E. church, Sunday, October 25, 1885, by Rev. W. Bradley, Mr. Edwin W. Segar and Miss Ada Jenks, both of Cattaraugus, New York.

Pine Salve Carbolized, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Change in Postal Ruling.

On October 31 last, the United States Postoffice Department admitted to the mail in this country all postal cards posted in foreign countries bearing written messages on the left half of the front of the cards. On and after March 1st next all postal cards, both foreign and domestic bearing writing on the left half of the front side will be admitted to the mails in this country. The paragraphs in the official order directing this follows;

"Therefore from the date of this order, post cards, conforming to the provisions of the Rome convention, when mailed in foreign countries and fully prepaid by postage stamps, shall be delivered to address in the United States without additional charge for postage; and on and after March 1, 1907, such cards bearing a written message upon the left half of the front, the right half being reserved for the address and postmark, when fully prepaid by postage stamps at the rate applicable to post cards, shall be admitted both to the domestic and international mails of this country and are treated as post cards."

Every postoffice in the country is receiving domestic cards with writing on the front side. Until March 1, these cards cannot be accepted and are causing considerable trouble and inconvenience as the person to whom the cards is addressed has to be notified and the extra postage forwarded.—Exchange.

Bradford Motorman Killed.

A shocking accident that resulted in the death of Harry Manley, a well known motorman employed on the Bradford and Olean branch of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Traction company, occurred at a point between State Line and Summit crossing at about 8:30 o'clock a. m. Saturday.

A passenger car bound from Olean to Bradford collided with a snow plow from Bradford that was going over the line. Conductor McCandless was in charge of the passenger car and the snow plow was in charge of Conductor Wheeler, of Bradford. There were three passengers on board of Conductor McCandless' car, but none of them sustained injuries.

Just how the accident occurred is not known to the officials of the company, but it is thought that Manley was unable to stop his car in time to avoid a collision after seeing the snow plow. There is a one per cent grade at the place where the collision occurred.

The cars must have come together with great force as both the passenger car and the snow plow were badly wrecked. Manley was evidently sticking heroically at his post when the collision occurred, for he was crushed between the two cars, receiving injuries about the middle of the body that resulted in his death within a short time. —Bradford Record.

They Were Here, Also.

Several Eldredites who remember the Duncan-Clarke Female Minstrels, whose farewell tour of the world included Eldred, a couple of years ago, will be interested to know that their manager was arrested in Pittsburg (think of it!) —for abduction. By means of an advertisement he had gotten a 15-year-old girl from New Philadelphia, O., to join his troupe. His usual plan was to auction the girls off to the highest bidder after the performance. The girls stand behind the curtain which is lowered until only their legs from the knees down are visible to the select audience, which has been invited to remain. The men then bid for the girls they desire. At Claridge, Westmoreland county, the bidding for Miss Knishly, the New Philadelphia girl, it is alleged became so spirited that she was sold outright to a saloon keeper who paid a good-sized sum to the manager. The detective has now busted his no doubt lucrative "profession."—Eldred Eagle.

The aggregation were in Smethport about two years ago, too, and some of the members of the troupe succeeded in captivating a few of the young men while in our midst.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending January 26, 1907:

Mrs. C. Billings, Geo. Franklin, L. J. Reynor.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimulation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

All fall and winter goods sold for cost for the next thirty days at D. C. Young's store.

Mollie's Ministration

By Virginia Lula Wentz

Copyright, 1903, by P. C. Eastman

The elusive fever of a new creation was upon Feltus. In the twilight of his top floor studio he sank into a chair and reached out vaguely for matches and cigarettes. Here, with these alone for light and stimulant, he meant to stay till the great idea itself was clear before him.

Presently the portieres parted. Peter, the old family butler, stood in the doorway. He gazed fleetingly at his young master, whose head had dropped into his hands.

"It's a girl, Mr. Morris," he said.

"Nothing of the sort, Peter," retorted Feltus indulgently, lighting another cigarette. "It's a new picture coming; that's all."

"It's a girl, Mr. Morris, downstairs," Peter said gravely. "That's what the nurse tells me."

"Whew-w-w! A girl! How is Mrs. Feltus?"

"Doing fine, sir. Anything I can get for you, sir?"

"Scotch and seltzer, Peter—Scotch and seltzer; that's all."

But when the good old butler had vanished Feltus' brows went together.

"A girl! By Jove, what do I want with a girl?"

He was suddenly conscious that at some time or other he had entertained visions of a boy, who should be his son and heir—a strong, sturdy little fellow, born into the world with the power to whistle and whittle full fledged. But a girl!

Thus was Mollie's advent into this sublunary sphere greeted by her father. Little by little, however, she won her way straight into his heart. From the day, when, bending over a fluff of perturbed lace, a tiny pink fist had been thrust up, by chance caressing his face, and he had laid it against his lips—from that day had dated Mollie's witchery over her sire.

Daddy was the name Mrs. Feltus had taught the child to call him, but, baby fashion, she had twisted it into "Taddy." This title always fetched Feltus an exquisite pleasure, such as could have scarcely have come to him had he been dubbed an R. A.

At first it seemed that Mollie would bring them together again—these two young people who in their married life of less than a score of months had drifted so far apart.

"Isn't that pretty? And how devoted they are, not only to the child, but to each other!"

This was whispered "aside" from one of the Feltus aunts to another. They happened to be calling on the proud parents when Feltus had been hastily summoned away and were privileged in witnessing that pretty little domestic act commonly called a "jumble kiss."

But the happy domesticity was all in the seeming. Further and further they drifted apart—two warring temperaments; he with his warm, impulsive nature; she with her cold, jewel eyed aloofness. She had her white ambitions, her mobile flits on the possibilities of woman's destiny; he had his artist's work and the habit of devotion to it.

At last it became intolerable, and the storm broke.

There was one unforgettable morning stamped upon Mollie's memory. With a gay little chuckle she had flown off from the vigilance of her nurse, holding her nightgown from her feet, and was about to burst into Taddy's studio to kiss him good morning when strange, angry tones in a torrent of unintelligible words reached her from within. It was not dear mother's voice. Mother's voice was always low and slow and even. This woman's voice was none of those things. But Ivy and by mother herself came out. Mollie half stretched forth her hand to clutch her skirt as she passed, but withdrew it, afraid. Mother's head was held so high, she walked like the angry princess in the fairy book, and there was a bright red spot on either cheek.

All was still in the studio, so the child ran in. Feltus was pacing up and down in his velvet knickerbockers and smoking jacket, his hand behind his back.

"Taddy," Mollie cried gleefully, "I dot away from nurse, I did! I tum to 'iss you."

As the baby arms clasped him Feltus sank into a chair, and she climbed to his breast. There was a stillness except for the man's hard, tremulous breaths as he held her closely to him.

On an easel at one end of the room was a canvas in the making. Even in its rough state one could see that it possessed power and insight. It showed a girl, a sumptuous oriental creature, swathed in gay draperies, reclining on a couch. With half closed, sensuous eyes and luring languor she contemplated a jeweled chain which she held up in one hand. Painted above the canvas was the title, "The Snare of the Senses."

"She didn't get the idea, Mollie," Feltus said brokenly at last, looking at his picture far over the child's sunny head. "She thought—good Lord, she thought it was the flesh I meant! She couldn't see it was the jeweled chain."

It was true. This was a painting which required pre-eminently a subjective interpretation. Yet Evelyn Feltus, with her restricted insight, had read it objectively, as she did everything else in life, and had whipped herself into an impotent fury. She couldn't see that it was the jeweled chain which was snaring the woman's senses, the sort of thing that always snares that sort of woman's senses. To Evelyn the woman herself was a snare and the flashing jewels only a part of her.

Over and over in the months that followed Feltus traversed the wretched scene in the studio which had led to their separation. It had been a blow on naked nerves. The woman there walking up and down the room reproaching him seemed not to be Evelyn, his wife. She was a cruel, imperious changeling. One thing had fixed itself upon his mind immediately. To accomplish any work whatever he must go away. Italy? Oh, no! In his present condition he needed an environment that should serve as a tonic rather than weaken with emotional excitement. Norway or Scotland? But both were so far from Mollie! The dear old Canadian woods it should be—the place where as a boy he had been wont to spend his summers.

Now that he had been there for many months one memory in his parting from his wife still hurt him and served as a sort of scourge. The final words spoken between them had been friendly enough (Evelyn was too patrician for anything else), but his artist's eye of unrelenting accuracy showed him that she looked smitten. * * * Ah, in the beginning how he had loved her, his jewel eyed girl bride! "Caskets of beryl, topaz and lapis lazuli," he had been heard to call her eyes. And how he had dreamed that the cool, folded petals of her nature would one day, under his skillful handling, unshroud a latent, gorgeous blooming! His skillful handling! Deft as his fingers were with brushes, how they had bungled with this woman's lot!

If there had come a gradual hope to Feltus' breast that Evelyn might recall him, gradually, too, it had gone. Her silence was as cold as the Canadian winter. But just as the last vestige of hope seemed to have vanished came a telegram:

"Mollie very ill. Wants you. Come at once."

On the small white bed in the dim room Mollie tossed wearily.

"I want Taddy, Taddy, but he won't tum. "Oh-h," pressing her little hand to her stomach, "it hurts!"

"Mollie—my baby!" Feltus bent over her, his gaze blurred with tears. One of her quaint, beaming little smiles greeted him. "I 'jes' knowed you'd tum, Taddy!" she cried.

After the first long embrace a feverish whim seized her. "I want a jumble tiss! Oh, you haven't forgotted, Taddy?" she cried in shrill tones of distress as a constrained silence ensued.

"We must humor her," murmured Evelyn, with downcast eyes. "Even though it is a foolish game, we can pretend."

Presently, with infinite content, the child fell asleep. That is what the physicians had said she needed. Heretofore her rest had all been uneasy dozes, dominated by her unsatisfied wish for her father.

The "game" was over, but Feltus still kept his arm about Evelyn.

"She might waken, you know," he explained, nodding down at the baby cheeks on which the long lashes rested. How still it was in the room! How loudly the cable cars clanged! Presently the man spoke again;

"Don't you think—maybe—for Mollie's sake"— It was then that Evelyn broke in, irreverently, incoherently perhaps, but he understood:

"I know now. It was the chain in the painting. I couldn't see till I overheard some one explaining it at an art exhibition. Oh, I was vulgar, common! I thought"—

"You did not understand me, sweetheart. You never did," Feltus said simply. But there was no hint of reproach in the big, protective gesture with which he tightened his arm about her. "Will you try now, Evelyn?" he added gently.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, oh, yes, Morris!"

And Mollie slept—a sound, refreshing sleep. An incipient dimple showed in her cheek and a pretty smile on her baby lips, as if in some fashion she was conscious of the worth of her ministration.

Mozart's Part.

It is said that the time which Mozart most willingly employed in composition was the morning from 6 or 7 o'clock until 10, his hour of rising. After this he did no more for the rest of the day unless he had to finish some particular composition at a given time. He worked very irregularly. At times he could not be drawn from an idea which possessed him. At other times he had a distaste for work. It once happened that he put off some music which he had engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform. The Emperor Joseph, who was peeping everywhere, cast his eyes on the sheet from which Mozart appeared to be playing and was surprised to see nothing but lines upon it.

"Where's your part?" he inquired curiously.

"Here," replied Mozart, with a bow, touching his forehead.

Love's Trials.

Bride—There! I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month, and already you have ceased to care for me.

Young Husband—Why, my love, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever.

"It isn't so. I know it isn't. You took meals at our house lots of times before we were married, and you scarcely touched anything. Ma said she knew you were truly in love because you had no appetite."

"Of course, dear, but"—

"And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast."—Pearson's Weekly.

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THE HOT CROSS BUN

TWO THEORIES AS TO THE ORIGIN OF ITS MARKING.

Symbols In the Shape of Pretzels and Certain Cakes—The Siege of Rostock and the Bakers of Schwann. German Commemorative Cakes.

Who would think of the pretzel as an astronomical symbol or the hot cross bun as a missionary document? Yet it is said that originally the one was intended to represent the sun and the four seasons and the other to convert pagan England to Christianity. The former is declared to have been first made by the Romans, who called it the annulus—a word they are said to have formed out of annus, a year—by which they meant a year ring. The ring represented the sun's annual circuit and the four spokes the seasons. It was afterward known under other names in the more northerly countries of Europe. There are two stories of the origin of the hot cross bun. The Christian missionaries to England are said to have discovered that, although they could alter the views of the people on religious matters, they could not induce them to abandon their time honored pagan customs. One of these was the eating of a certain kind of cake in honor of the Goddess of Spring. They decided to put the sign of the cross on the Saxon buns and launch them forth on a missionary enterprise. The buns accomplished their mission.

The other story is that in early times in the observance of holy week the church was more strict in the matter of fasts than now. Only a certain amount of food could be eaten. This was indicated by two boundary marks made in the dough to show the length and width of the piece. The loaves were sold in churches and were carried from place to place by pilgrims. So the custom of crossing the bread used on Good Friday became fixed.

These are not the only kinds of shapes of bread whose origin has been traced to odd circumstances. The crescent shaped rolls which one sees in some parts of the city had a curious birth. On one of the occasions when the Turks besieged Vienna, Peter Windler and his wife had a bakery in that city. This baker's patriotism was tinctured with a sense of humor and possibly a sense of business. At any rate, he conceived the idea of making rolls in the shape of a crescent, the emblem of the Turks. They found a ready sale, for everybody wanted to devour the half moons typifying the Mohammedans at the outer gate.

Germany is the home of commemorative cakes and bread. Other countries, while having as many varieties, have not woven sentiment about them to the same extent.

A great many Americans would not know what schwannerkuchen is unless they asked a native of the old German city of Rostock. It is to be had only at a certain season of the year because it commemorates a kindly act of many years ago. Rostock was surrounded by an enemy. The city gates were closed, and the enemy had come close to the walls, with clubs, spears, heavy mortar slings and many other old time implements of war. Once and again and again they rushed upon the walls with thunderous noise and clanging weapons, but the brave burghers as often forced them back. Then, urged forward by threatening famine, the latter sallied beyond the gates and drove back the foe until the siege was raised.

It was with great joy that they saw the bakers of Schwaan, a village twelve miles down the river Warnow, at the gate as the enemy drew away, bearing heavily laden baskets of cakes. It was such a godsend to the famished burghers that they rewarded the Schwaaner bakers by giving them the privilege of coming to Rostock every year on Maundy Thursday to offer their cakes for sale. For many years this custom prevailed, to the profit of the bakers from the neighboring town. In time, however, the bakers of Rostock, showing ingratitude, some might think, baked the schwannerkuchen themselves. To this very day everybody in Rostock eats schwannerkuchen in holy week.

Another German bread, which in shape resembles a capital W, owes its existence to the siege of the German town of Krailsheim in 1379. It is called haar affen, or hair monkeys, a name suggested by the appearance of the apparition which raised the siege. The efforts of the besiegers to take the place had been in vain. They decided to starve the burghers and their families. So they sat down before the town. There they sat for seven months. By this time the provisions were getting short, and starvation seemed inevitable. One woman had pondered long upon the subject, and finally she said to the head of the defenders: "The people outside the wall are superstitious. Let me masquerade at night before them on the city wall in a peculiar dress." She was permitted to carry out her plan. When her fantastic figure was seen upon the wall in the dim light, flitting from point to point, climbing nimbly over obstacles, they were horror stricken.

"Haar affe!" they exclaimed, pointing at the apparition on the wall. "It is an evil spirit." The following night they fled from the town.

In remembrance of the success of the ruse this peculiar shaped cake was made. For more than 500 years the authorities of the city have celebrated the anniversary by distributing large quantities of these cakes among the poor and the children of the city.—New York Tribune.

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PLENTY OF CHALK.

A Block That Was Once as Large as the Continent of Europe.

The small piece of chalk which is in constant use in the schoolroom, the lecture room, the billiard room and the workshop has a strange history, the unraveling of which through all its complexities is one of the most difficult problems with which the science of the present day is called upon to deal. This piece is in reality a chip of an immense block of chalk that once filled an area the size of the continent of Europe and of which even yet several gigantic fragments remain, each hundreds of square miles in extent. These patches are scattered over the region lying between Ireland on the west and China on the east and extend in the other direction from Sweden in the north to Portugal in the south.

In the British Isles the chalk is found in greatest perfection and continuity in the east and southeast of England. A sheet of chalk more than a thousand feet in thickness underlies all that portion of England which is situated to the southeast of a line crossing the island diagonally from the North sea at Flamborough head to the coast on the English channel in Dorset. This enormous sheet of chalk is tilted up slightly on the west, and its depressed eastern portions that dip toward the waters of the North sea are usually buried from sight by means of overlying sands and clays. Where the edges of the chalk floor come upon the sea the cliff scenery is strikingly grand and beautiful. Any one who has once seen the magnificent rocks of Flamborough and Beachy head, the jagged stacks of the Needles or the dizzy mass of Shakespeare's cliff, near Dover, can understand why "the white cliffs of Albion" has grown into a stock phrase.

This massive sheet of chalk appears again in France, in many parts of Europe as far east as the Crimea and even in central Asia beyond the sea of Aral. How far it stretched westward into what is now the Atlantic may never be known, but chalk cliffs of at least 200 feet in thickness are seen at Antrim, in Ireland, and less conspicuous formations are found in Scotland, in Argyll and Aberdeen. There can be little question that all these now isolated patches were once connected in a continuous sheet, which must therefore have occupied a superficial area about 3,000 miles long by nearly 1,000 broad, an extent larger than that of the present continent of Europe.

Sitting Bull and the Telephone.

Sitting Bull had been captured by the United States troops and was held in close confinement. So also was another obstreperous Indian held in confinement at a post about 100 miles away. The officer in charge of Sitting Bull had been chasing the Indians for two months and was wondering what he would do with the captive. In an inspired moment he decided to arrange an interview between the two Indians over the telephone. After the necessary ringing up Sitting Bull was asked if he cared to talk into the machine. He talked into it for several minutes and did a heap of listening also. He put down the instrument finally and for hours was even more gloomy than usual, at last beginning to talk to himself, something very rare for the Indian. Asked if he was dissatisfied with his accommodations or if there was anything they could do for him, he broke forth at last:

"No, I'm finished. It's all right when the white man's plaything talks the white man's language, but when it learns to talk the red man's tongue it's time to stop."

It is believed that this talk over the telephone between the two Indians had a considerable influence in shortening the Indian wars.—Boston Herald.

When Umbrellas Were First Used.

Umbrellas are of great antiquity. Among the Greeks they were a mark of elevated rank, and one is seen on a Hamilton vase in the hands of a princess. We find the umbrella figured upon the reliefs of Persepolis, and the Romans carried it at the theater to keep off the sun. Yet Corsate, the traveler, in 1611 notices the umbrellas of Italy as rarities. These and other umbrellas are only described for keeping off the sun, which may be explained by the comparative scarcity of rain in the above countries. The frequency of rain in other lands led to their being used for a very different purpose. Jonas Hanway is described to have been the first to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head, which he had probably used in his travels in the east. And in 1778 one John Macdonald, a Portuguese, was ridiculed for carrying in the streets an umbrella which he had brought from Spain. However, as he tells us, he persisted for three months in carrying his umbrella, till people took no further notice of the novelty.

Dogs and Fleas.

I have tried all sorts of soaps and solutions for killing fleas on dogs, with the result that the dogs die first. Now fleas are as much a part of a dog as ticks are of a cow. But, of course, there must not be too many fleas on the family pet—just enough to keep it well tickled and to prevent it from becoming too phlegmatic. There seems to be but one cure, and it comes from the land of fleas—India. The Hindoos use a crude oil emulsion, which consists of 80 per cent of crude petroleum mixed with 20 per cent of whale oil soap. This combination forms a jelly which mixes freely with water. A 3 per cent solution is used. At 10 per cent it kills fleas with perfect certainty. Any animal washed with it will be relieved of the insects. It can be applied to walls, ceilings and floors by means of a garden sprayer.—New York Press.

Novelty Restaurant.
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A Mother's Argument.

"The most to be regretted act of my life," says a commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased. I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things, she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother you would always appear in memory in your innocent, unpretentious, unself conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshiped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a cross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if there are manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you "my dear boy."'"

Some Old Time Giants.

Cajanus, a Swedish giant who was nine feet high, was on exhibition in London in 1742, and several old handbills still exist which set forth the measurements of this freak of nature. Thirty years later we have Charles Byrne, who was eight feet four inches in height in his stockinged feet. He, however, died young, at the age of twenty-two, from hard drinking. Cutler O'Byrne, another Irish giant, followed a few years later. He was born at Kinsale in 1761 and at the age of fifteen was eight feet high. This by the time he was twenty-three had increased to nine feet four inches, and then he changed his name to O'Brian in order to make people think that he was descended from King Brian Boroihme and went on exhibition. At that business he, of course, soon realized a very comfortable fortune and retired, dying at Clifton on Sept. 8, 1804. His will especially provided that his body should be thrown into the sea in order to prevent the surgeons from cutting it up.

No Rhyme For Tipperary.

A poet once jumped to the conclusion that there was no rhyme to Tipperary and said so, whereupon an indignant Irishman, who chanced also to be a bit of a versifier, pounced upon him and poked fun at him in a lengthy poem, every other line of which rhymed or was supposed to rhyme with the place in question. Thus:

A bard there was in sad quandary
To find a rhyme for Tipperary.
Long labored he through January,
Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary;
Toiled every day in February,
But toiled in vain for Tipperary;
Searched Hebrew text and commentary,
But searched in vain for Tipperary.

And so on through many scores of stanzas, ending up with:

He paced about his aviary,
Burnt in despair his dictionary,
Blew up sky high his secretary,
And then in wrath and anger swore he
There was no rhyme for Tipperary.

Glasses and the Eyes.

Every one knows that in using a field glass it is necessary to adjust it to a proper focus. Suppose that you put one of the tubes at your focus and the other tube at a focus that suited some one else and then you looked through both tubes. You would have a more or less blurred vision, and if you kept on looking the chances are that you would feel giddy and get a headache. Now, the two eyes are supposed to have an equal natural focus, and when by any chance that focus is unequal a headache results. The remedy is a pair of glasses or a single glass to make the eyes equal in power.

The Danes.

The Danes, or Northmen, first became prominent in European history in 787, when they began to ravage the north coast of France and southern shores of Great Britain. The daring of these hardy seamen was remarkable, for in their small ships they even penetrated the Mediterranean and became terrors to the seaboard population of Italy, Sicily and Greece. The first king of Denmark is said to have been Skiold, 60 B. C.

Counterfeits.

"They bill and coo a good deal."

"That's all a bluff."

"Then you think they are only mock turtledoves?"—Louisville Courier-Journal

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

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Smethport, Pa.

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bracken, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Smethport.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hubgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Greason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gaffney, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Greason.
Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A Swanson, H. E. Tait.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivyle.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungerville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 443, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meetings Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal,—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ward, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

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GEORGIA'S LIMIT

By FRANK H. SWEET

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THERE was unmistakable excitement on board the eastbound train that morning. It began on the platform when three rough, unshaven men in miners' costume arrived and carefully superintended the removal of their baggage to the train. Two of them had theirs consigned to the express car. The third vowed he wouldn't bother nobody and even refused assistance in transferring his heavy, blanket bound packages to the seat he was to occupy. After the train started there was glancing back over shoulders to see if the miners were in sight, and, if they were not, men rose carelessly and walked backward or forward through the cars until they found the objects of their search and seats as near to them as possible.

Strolling about the platform had been two men who appeared to take little interest in what was going on around them. Nevertheless, on the appearance of the miners they had exchanged significant glances and then had walked nonchalantly in opposite directions. When the conductor came through to collect tickets, ten minutes after the train started, one of them was seated directly behind one of the miners, while the other was on the opposite side of the car, behind the man who had refused to be parted from his baggage. As he took the tickets from their long white fingers the conductor scowled and glanced sharply at them and the miner in front and then shook his head grimly, as though it were no business of his.

"From Klondike, I suppose, strangers?" called a voice from some indeterminate point in front.

"With your piles, of course?" jocosely added another.

This brought a general laugh.

"Do you [illegible] telling us something about [illegible]?" insinuated a third.

"Is there much gold in the papers lead us to believe so?" "What sort of winters [illegible]?" "Is there any big game?" in quick succession from various points.

The two men, who had consigned their baggage to the express car, looked about and nodded good naturedly.

"Yes; we're from Klondike," one of them answered, "me and my partner here. But we didn't bring our pile. That's back in our claim under ten feet of snow and ice. We're going for it just as soon as the weather opens in spring."

"Didn't you get anything?" asked several in tones of disappointment.

"Oh, yes," indifferently. "Thirty thousand or so apiece, back in the express car. But that ain't much for Klondike. We count on three hundred thousand. Then we're going home and settle down to be comfortable."

"Has your friend done as well as you and your partner?" asked a passenger, nodding toward the third miner, a little sallow faced man who seemed [illegible] himself behind his [illegible].

"[illegible] you ask and see. I [illegible] he can talk, if he don't [illegible]."

"Say, stranger," raising his voice as though to make it penetrate to the understanding of a very deaf person, "have you got on want to know about Klondike and have you made your pile."

The man looked about with a pleased deprecatory smile.

"I now I have," he acknowledged graciously. "Done made it in just

[illegible] [illegible] HOW HE DISPLAYED HIS [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] home to [illegible] a pile as [illegible] and [illegible]."

"[illegible]" cried a wet goods drummer, admiringly. "But how'd you do it, anyhow? Find a pocket?"

"Done it by straight hard work," he declared proudly. "Down home in Georgy folks say none o' my family ever work. They 'low we're too shiftless. Now, I reckon when we all buy the old Hunter farm, where pap worked all his life, an' set pap up to be a gentleman they'll be s'prised. Yes, sir!" He threw his head back, and for one brief second looked the passengers squarely in the face, all forgetful of the two or three generations of servile "poor white trash" blood which flowed sluggishly through his veins. Then his eyes dropped as he added apologetically, "Then I'll get married."

"What?" "Really?" "Is that so?" from various parts of the car, and two ladies who had hitherto ignored his presence turned and gazed at him with kindly interest. Georgia flushed with embarrassment at such marked attention, but his slight [illegible] shoulders [illegible] to straighten up unconsciously [illegible] eyes flashed [illegible] for the eyes of his fellow [illegible]

"Yes, sir, I'm going to get married." He paused [illegible] and he knew [illegible] it to your most folks in Bradshaw, where I live, would 'a' been satisfied with just a shack to start with, but I always 'lowed that when we married Marigold should live like a lady an' me like a lord. That's what roused me to go west. Now we'll buy the Hunter place an' build a new house with four rooms—four rooms," lowering his voice a little and looking about the car.

"But that will only take a very small part of your money," suggested the drummer. "What will you do with all the rest?"

"Put it aside," answered Georgia promptly. "None o' my family ever had any money put aside."

"You must have a pile," remarked a portly man, glancing a little enviously at the bulky packages and at the same time comparing his own comfortable need for money and appreciation of it with this buckwoodsman's evident primitiveness.

"A pile! Yes, sir; that's what I keep a-sayin' over to myself," agreed Georgia. "I reckon there'll be enough for all of us. None o' my family 'll ever need any more."

All this time the two recipients of the conductor's scowl had been apparent uninterested spectators of what was going on. One had tapped impatiently upon his window, and the other had fumbled with his newspaper. But even in their indifference they had observed that the two miners who sat together were strong, keen eyed, resolute men, apparently able to hold their own in all sorts of vicissitudes, while the man from Georgia was simple, unsophisticated and in possession of all his baggage.

Presently another significant look was exchanged, and the one who had been tapping upon the window rose carelessly and crossed over to him of the newspaper.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked.

"No," removing a valise from the seat to the floor and then folding his newspaper as a preliminary to conversation.

"Going far?"

"To Georgia."

"Really?" in feigned surprise. "Why, I'm going there myself."

The miner in front turned eagerly and gazed into their faces, but apparently they did not notice him.

"Most inquisitive set of people in this car I ever met," one of them remarked.

"Yes, anything but boring strangers with questions, I say."

Georgia turned away, but his ears remained vigilant.

At length on one of his rounds through the car the conductor stopped beside the two men whose fingers were noticeably long and white and nervous.

"I believe your tickets ran out at the last station?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes, but we've changed our minds," one of them answered easily. "Last night I ran across this man, an old friend of mine whom I hadn't seen in twenty years. Now we're going on together for a visit to our old home in Georgia. We'll pay the difference."

"H'm!" the conductor said coldly. "Where to?"

"Broadtown, Ga."

The miner winked with his mouth open and his eyes bulging in eagerness. As soon as the conductor moved away he blurted out:

"Dangerne it, stranger, that's my place. Who mout you be?"

"Smith and Robinson. My name's Bill."

Georgia's face beamed with pleased recognition.

"Why, I know heaps o' Smiths an' Robinsons," he cried, reaching over and shaking hands with first one and then the other. "I reckon you all are some o' the family who went west when boys. There was Tom an' Seth an' Ike an'—an'"

"My friend here is named Ike," blandly.

"Ye don't say," delightedly. "Then me an' him was old friends when we was boys. He's changed, though," looking the man over curiously, "but, then, folks do as they grow up. Well, well, I'm plumb glad!"

There was no more reserve. Georgia talked freely and was met with a cordiality that delighted his simple heart.

At last, as the shadows began to darken in the car, the train slowed up at a small unpainted building which a brakeman introduced to the passengers as Broshtown.

The men helped Georgia off with his baggage and then piloted him to a carriage which they had telegraphed ahead to have in readiness. He lived six miles from the station, he had told them, and had frankly added that the way led over a wild, almost uninhabited forest. At this their eyes had brightened hopefully and they had assured him that it would be unnecessary for him to order a carriage. Theirs would be large enough for all three, including his baggage, and they were going directly his way to their old home.

Georgia was hilariously exuberant. He laughed and sang and cracked jokes that he remembered to have been time honored in the old neighborhood, and they sang and laughed with him until they came to a lonely place in the woods.

Then the carriage was turned quietly into the bushes, and Georgia felt the cold muzzles of two revolvers pressing against his temples.

"Now turn over your money," one of the men ordered sternly, "and be quick about it!"

Georgia looked at them in dazed wonder to see if they were in earnest.

"Ain't you my old friend Ike?" he demanded.

"Not much. Out west we've got names that would make you shake in your boots to hear. But that don't matter. What we've come all this way for is your money. Now pass it over quick, and no fuss."

"I won't!" cried Georgia obstinately. "I got it to buy the Hunter place an' to get married with."

"Oh, well, just as you like," said the man indifferently. "We'll kill you and then take the money. It's all the same to us. You can't help yourself."

Georgia leaned white and glanced appealingly from one to the other. They were calm, stolid, but implacable. Slowly he unbuckled the belt from his waist and passed it to one of them. The man showed his teeth a little, but nevertheless opened it and counted the small roll of bills and gold pieces that it contained.

"Six hundred and seventy-five dollars," he said. Then he rolled the belt and money into a ball and contemptuously threw it into the bushes. "Now we'll get right down to business," he went on, the words beginning to hiss as they came through his closed teeth. "Give us your money."

"I have," wailed poor Georgia, almost hysterically—"every blamed cent."

"Once more, give us your money," the man insisted. "It is the last time we ask. Killing comes next. Open your bundles."

"But there ain't no money in 'em," eagerly. "See!" And he hurriedly cut the string from one of the packages and disclosed an assortment of bright colored dress goods and ribbons and laces. "I bought 'em for Marigold. An' this," cutting the strings of another bundle, "is full o' bead stuff an Injin fixin's. I 'lowed Marigold would like 'em. An' these other bundles," cutting the strings from one after the other as rapidly as possible, "is full o' pretty rocks an' shells an' things. Long's I had all the money I wanted I 'lowed Marigold would like 'em better'n she would more gold"—

"And do you mean to say"—speaking the words slowly and menacingly—"that you brought all this stuff from Alaska when you might have brought gold?"

"Why, of course," wonderingly. "I didn't need any more gold. The Hunter place can be had for two hundred an' a four room house raised for two hundred more, an' a mule an' kerridge an' cow an' all the rest bought for a hundred an' fifty. That'll leave a hundred an' fifty to put aside. Plenty enough, land knows. More'n any o' my family ever had afore."

The rumble of a wagon could be heard coming through the woods, and a baffled, vindictive gleam came into the men's eyes. For a moment they glared at Georgia as though debating the question of a quick and signal revenge. Then the rumble grew louder, and they suddenly sprang to the ground and disappeared in the woods. When a wagon came noisily round a bend in the road Georgia was just emerging from the bushes with his belt and money. The money he slipped into his pocket, the belt he clinched around his waist.

"Howdy, Peke!" he called cheerily as the driver of the wagon approached near enough for recognition. "How air ye? How's the folks?"

"Hey, that you?" in mild surprise from the wagon. "When'd ye come? Oh, I'm toler'ble, an' the folkses air all well."

"An' Marigold?"

Peke grinned.

"Marigold's well too. Ast 'bout ye t'other day."

Georgia sprang into his carriage and cracked his whip.

"See ye ag'in, Peke. Hain't no time to fool now. G'lang there, you old plug, you!"

The two vehicles moved apart, and the foliage closed in between them, and soon nothing could be heard but the decreasing rumble of a wagon in one direction and the impatient, softening cracks of a whip in the other.

No Duplicate Chandeliers.

"Did you ever notice," said the observing man, "that every public building has chandeliers unlike those of any other public building? There are no duplicates. You go into one church and you see a handsome chandelier that it would seem worth while to duplicate for another church, but you never find it in another church. You go into a big hall, and you'll observe some stunning globes and chandelier fixtures and look for 'em in some other big hall, but they're not there. I don't know what principle the makers of chandeliers go on, whether it is a matter of pride with them not to fit out two buildings alike or whether contractors for such buildings insist on exclusive designs, but the chandelier people must employ some remarkably versatile artists to think up so many different designs. It seems like a waste of money to make only one of a kind, but it is a pleasure to know that hall or house may be exclusive in its chandeliers."

The Concertina.

The threatened revival of the concertina as a serious musical instrument in England would be a return to an old fashion no doubt, but not to a very old one, since the concertina dates from the early part of the last century. Its invention was an early indiscretion of Sir Charles Wheatstone of telegraph fame, who took out a patent for it in 1829, the very year in which somebody in Vienna invented that similar instrument, the accordion. The concertina was popularized by Sig. Regondi, who had come before the public as a juvenile prodigy with the guitar. At one time no London concert was really complete without him and his concertina, and he astounded the Germans with the music he could get out of it.

Look beneath the surface. Let not the quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

It is a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by all dealers.

A MAN OF PRIVILEGE

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR a Potentate of Pomp and Power.

The First Holder of [illegible] Mighty Duke W[illegible] and Proved Popular—Dick Whittington and Other Ancient Worthies.

The most impressive thing about the mayoralty of London is its great antiquity. In Saxon and Norman times London was an independent state, and the chief magistrate—the portreeve, or the bailiff—was an absolute ruler. The first mayor was elected in 1189, and he was so popular that he retained the office for twenty-four years. The first lord mayor's pageant was in the reign of Henry VIII., and in it he figured as chief butler to Anne Boleyn.

Through the long intervening years the lord mayor has retained many of his prerogatives as a ruler. Most people have no idea how extensive his privileges are.

He has his own chaplain (in olden days, like the monarch, he had his jester, too), and badges of royalty are attached to his office—the scepter, the swords of justice and mercy and the mace. He has right of precedence in the city before all the royal family. Soldiers in any number cannot march through the city without his consent.

He has the right of private audience with the king. He has the privilege of direct entrance without question at royal levees. He can at any time dissolve the city courts, even that of the common council, by removing the sword and mace from the table. He is lord of the river Thames, of the conservancy, and he controls the city purse.

The majesty of his state is pretty considerable too. The city gives him a sum of £10,000 to expend. His palace, the Mansion House, is furnished with plate and ornaments worth £100,000. He has a splendid retinue of servants, including a sword bearer, mace bearer and seven trumpeters, whose liveries cost some £1,600 annually. He gives a yearly banquet, which costs thousands of pounds, and employs an army of 150 waiters, cooks and carvers.

Best of all, he has the power to raise vast sums of money for charitable purposes. In the last quarter of a century the lord mayors of London have raised nearly £6,000,000 for the relief of various people in distress.

Another feature which makes the lord mayoralty attractive is its glamour of romance. More often than not the king of the city is a self made man. Dick Whittington started out as an apprentice, as many other lord mayors have done. The mayor of 1611 came to London in rags in a carrier's cart. The wealthy mayor of 1418 had been a foundling. As recently as 1800 we had a lord mayor of London who began life as a bricklayer's laborer.

When men of this character are exalted to the seats of the mighty they are apt to do freakish things at times.

The laborer mayor instanced above had a son who fell from a high ladder and was killed, and the mayor on being brought to the spot broke through the crowd, exclaiming, "See that the poor fellow's watch is safe!"

Another self made lord mayor gave Charles II. a taste of his quality. Charles dined with him in the city, and the wine passed so freely that the guests grew noisy and the mayor familiar. Charles therefore stole away to his coach in Guildhall yard, but the bibulous mayor pursued his majesty and, catching him by the hand, cried out, with a monstrous oath, "Sir, you shall stay and tak' t'other bottle!" And the merry monarch actually turned back and saw the fun to a finish.

The temerity of this mayor seems all the more remarkable in view of the Stuart king's tyrannous dealings with the city. He imprisoned twenty of the principal citizens because they refused him a loan on bad security. He fined the mayor and aldermen £6,000 on the pretext of a trifling city riot and £50,000 for pretended mismanagement of estates.

The mayors themselves, however, could fine readily enough on occasion. For example, his worship of the year 1470 had one of his sheriffs fined £50 (about £1,000 of our money) for kneeling too close to him while at prayers in St. Paul's.

Yet another lord mayor (1832) made an amusing blunder of speech at a dinner to judges and leaders of the bar. "See before you," he exclaimed magnificently, "the examples of myself, the chief magistrate of this great empire, and the chief justice of England sitting at my right hand, both now in the highest offices of the state and both sprung from the very dregs of the people!"

These mayoral banquets, by the way, have always been wonderful affairs. In the year of George III.'s marriage there were placed on the tables 414 different dishes, excluding dessert. Forty-five years later (1806) no fewer than seven of this monarch's sons were guests at a mayoral dinner. The Guildhall banquet to the prince regent and the allied sovereigns before the battle of Waterloo was served on plate valued at over £200,000 and cost £25,000.

All this, however, is hardly romance. We must revert to Sir Richard Whittington for that. Sir Richard really did hear the bells of Bow telling him to "turn again," and he did marry his wealthy master's daughter, and he did become thrice lord mayor of London. But, alas, he had no cat!

There is a story of Sir Richard which makes a good foil to the above of the laborer mayor. King Henry V. was dining with him in the city when Sir Richard caused a fire to be lighted and threw into it bonds to the value of £60,000 given him by the king for money lent, thereby freeing his majesty from debt. The gratified monarch exclaimed, "Surely not for but a king and a subject!" To which the courtly Whittington replied, "Royally, sire, for royal subject such a king!"

Still prosier is the history of Lord Mayor Osborne (1753). Osborne was the apprentice of a mayor who lived on London bridge, and one day he dived into the river and rescued his master's little daughter, who had fallen through a lattice window. Years after the girl was a rich heiress, courted by earls and knights, but her father said to them all, "No. Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And Osborne, the hero apprentice, did have her and became lord mayor as well. His great-grandson was subsequently created Duke of Leeds.

Such stories read like fiction, but they are perfectly true. The city archives preserve them, with many more.—Keith Hunter in London Express.

THE MEXICAN INDIAN.

He Is Simple Minded, Patient and Eminently Peaceful.

To one who has lived long enough in Mexico to become acquainted with the working classes and acquire some insight into their nature and some degree of confidence in and from them it seems unfair when writing or talking of them to Americans to refer to them as Indians, as they are so commonly called here. To the average citizen of the United States the word Indian at once brings to mind the picture of the sullen and revengeful red man of the north.

The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is not in this class at all. He is eminently peaceful. Bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He cannot see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas today some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed tomorrow.

These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. Their greatest charm from this standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming, with hat in hand, it is always "your servant" and "with your permission." In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight, with never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight.

So different are these people from the northern Indian that it seems an injustice, as has been said, to call them by that name to those who know only the Indian of the cold country. The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks is to be let alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked.

It is a common sight to see a laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms and, holding the child's face between both his hands, deliver a resounding smack and clinch it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unaffected manner will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare.—"Modern Mexico."

Appearances.

One had long hair and a high collar, and the other had hair cropped close to his head. Their silk hats were a little rusty, yet there was an air of gentility about the two men. I saw them this morning from the window of a chophouse. They walked to the side door of a pawnshop across the way after they had first taken a furtive look about to see if anybody observed them. They would not have been seen entering a pawnshop for worlds. They came out a minute later. The one with the long hair had one less watch chain than he had when he went in. They stopped within two feet of the door from which they had come. The long haired man divided some bills with his companion. He looked at a little slip of paper in his hand, and any one might see that the slip was a pawn ticket. There they stood for ten minutes by the side door of that pawnshop, within sight of Sixth avenue and Broadway, that all who walked might see that they had been to visit an avuncular relative. Yet they would not have thought of boldly entering that pawnshop by the front door.—New York Telegram.

Thrilling Balloon Experience.

Probably no aeronauts have ever survived to tell such a thrilling story of their experiences as Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell when, in 1862, they made their record ascent of seven miles. When the balloon had reached a height of 29,000 feet Mr. Glaisher records, "I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell in the ring and endeavored to speak, but could not, when in an instant intense black darkness came, and I suddenly became unconscious." Mr. Coxwell himself was on the point of succumbing to the intense cold. The hour frost was all round the neck of the balloon, his hands were frozen and powerless, and as the balloon was still rising swiftly death seemed inevitable to both aeronauts. Mr. Coxwell despaired of opening the valve to release the gas. Insensibility was rapidly coming over him, and it was only "at the last gasp" that by a happy inspiration he seized the cord with his teeth and "dipped his head two or three times until the balloon took a decided turn downward."

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How the Auto Did It

By IRVING CRANE

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Mazie Jefferson and her mother had come into the city from their country home to do some shopping, and because the cabman overcharged them and because Mazie turned indignant and said she would go to a police station before she would submit to be swindled a crowd began to gather.

Harry Finchly was in the crowd. He promptly espoused the cause of the women and was struck by cabby's whip. In return he pulled cabby off the box and flung him about in the dust until the man looked like a bundle of lost rags. Then, no policeman having appeared to interfere with the natural course of events, the women were escorted to a hotel.

Cards were exchanged and thanks returned, and "all's well that ends well" would have been the finish had not young Mr. Finchly decided that Miss Mazie was an extremely fine looking girl. It had been at least a year since he had met her equal. Within two hours he was longing for another look into her brown eyes and recalling with satisfaction what a wealth of hair she had, how white and even were her teeth and what a cute dimple ornamented her chin. At the end of twenty-four hours romance and love were at work.

Of course Harry had been invited to call if he ever found himself in Westchester county. Miss Mazie, who did most of the talking to him as well as to the cabman, couldn't do less than issue this invitation, but she hadn't the least idea that her rescuer would ever take the trouble to travel their way. A surprise was in store for her. He made a call within a week, and he took pains to thoroughly identify himself.

His trip into the country was made in his automobile, and it soon became a regular thing for him to be seen skimming over the roads once a week. Mr. Jefferson liked him. Mrs. Jefferson thought he was a very proper man indeed, and Mazie—well, she wasn't telling her thoughts, but if they hadn't favored the young man in a general way he would have been compelled to let Mazie alone for a time.

An acquaintance began to swell into progressed to September without a thing to mar it. It had ripened into friendship at least, and there were signs that it was nearing the critical point. Then one day Harry Finchly did an unwise thing. In his guileless and innocent way he mentioned that he had given a little dinner to a little actress the night before. In an instant the brown eyes that had been full of laughter began to harden.

He saw that he had made a mistake, and he began to hedge—that is, he explained that the mother of the little actress was at the dinner. The point of Miss Mazie's nose seemed to turn up. Mr. Finchly further explained that two aunts and two uncles of the actress were also at dinner. Half a minute later he was protesting that he would never have given the dinner but for the fact that the little actress seemed to be hungry and he felt sorry for her. It had not been much of a dinner anyhow. He had sat at one end of the dining room and the actress at the other, and they had chewed olives and drunk poor claret and confined their conversation to the weather.

In fact, Mr. Finchly did all possible in the next few minutes to repair his blunder. He even went the length of saying that the little actress had a cast in one eye and was probably twenty years older than she claimed to be, but when he had finished and could protest no more Miss Mazie asked to be excused for a moment, and he felt a chill around his heart. The mother came into the parlor to entertain him, and, although both made a great effort, conversation dragged.

When Miss Mazie walked out of the parlor she simply wanted to be alone for ten minutes to recover her self possession. She was furious at the little actress, at Mr. Finchly and at herself, but she didn't want the second person mentioned to even suspect such a state of affairs. She would smooth the lines out of her face, coax back a smile and return to him and say that she always had admired little actresses!

Her intentions were good and politic and diplomatic, but her temper got the best of her. Under the big walnut tree at the gate stood Mr. Finchly's auto. He always acted as his own chauffeur. Twenty times over he had taken the Jeffersons out for a spin, and Miss Mazie had entertained an idea for some time that she knew all about the running of the machine.

As she walked about to calm herself she caught sight of the auto, and there was mischief in her eyes as she ran toward it and climbed in. She actually did know enough to start the thing and get headed down the broad turnpike. Perhaps she knew enough to stop and turn, but the sensation of being alone gave her a helpless feeling. She put on speed instead of diminishing it, and in the course of five minutes she was whizzing down that old colonial cow trail in a way that made the telephone poles sit up and wonder.

The first living thing met was a trusting and confiding calf that had escaped from a field and was wandering at large to broaden its mind. When it saw a cloud of dust coming down the pike, it trusted that a windfall of rich green grass was to be had for the picking up. It advanced to the middle of the road with eyes beholding not and ears [illegible] in a far distant spot and in a mixed up condition. Miss Mazie had the steering wheel in hand. In fact, she was frozen to it. She could hold the old machine reasonably straight in the middle of the road, but she was helpless beyond that.

The next incident was a load of hay with two farmers on top. They were men who had never harmed a human being, and they had no idea that any human being wanted to harm them. Rude was their awakening. They held the middle of the road until they saw that the auto meant to run into them head-on. Then they swerved and began to gesticulate and yell to the white faced girl. They said "Darn it" and "Dum it" and "By gosh" and succeeded in saving their lives. One hind wheel of the wagon was chopped off by the auto, however, and as the machine careened onward it also carried with it a fair sized haystack.

"Oh, Harry!" wailed the girl as she turned a corner and felt the machine running on two wheels, but Harry was not there. He had finally bade Mrs. Jefferson adieu and found his car gone. He was after it now with a horse and buggy. He was making six miles an hour, while the other was flying along at nearly thirty.

A quarter of a mile beyond the turn a farmer was guiding a drove of hogs. There were twelve in the drove, and he was changing them from one lot to another. He knew that the Spanish war had ended and that the country was at peace, and he was humming a hymn, and the hogs were grunting grunts of satisfaction when that auto came howling down upon them. It seemed to be standing on its hind legs and pawing the air. It was hissing and gurgling and roaring and crying for blood.

"Gosh all hemlock!" shouted the farmer as he made for the fence and fell over into the field.

The hogs had no time for words or for athletics. It seemed to the terrified and terrified girl that the full dozen were picked up and flung sky high. Two of them came down in the back seat and [illegible] themselves in comfortable positions for the remainder of the ride, while the others shot right and left, their remains to be gathered up by the owner later on.

The hog episode was scarcely two minutes old when a young man in a buggy appeared a mile ahead. He was a young man with red cheeks and marble brow, who was driving to the city to invest in green goods. He held up his hand as a sign that his horse did not like autos. No good. Then he rose up in his buggy and waved his arms. He was still waving when a cloud of dust passed over him and left him a wreck on the sands of time. Some day he may tell his grandchildren that he was flung 200 feet high and 400 feet sideways, and he will not be exaggerating much either.

A constable and an old wagon finally stopped the runaway. The officer saw it coming and shoved the ancient vehicle across the road. When the collision came the auto took a skate into the bushes and brought up against a tree and rested there. Before Miss Mazie could half explain matters she found herself before a country justice of the peace, and he was solemnly saying:

"This is certainly a case for the higher court. It is not only running away with an auto and letting it run away with you, but you have been stealing hogs."

Miss Mazie wept. She looked so pretty when she wept that the heart of the constable was touched. He took the justice outdoors and was trying to touch his heart and have the hog stealing charge left out when Harry Finchly drove up on the gallop. He had traced the auto by a trail of dead hogs and frightened farmers, and he had arrived just in time.

"Oh, Harry!" was all that the girl could say as she threw herself into his arms and sobbed on his shoulder.

That was quite enough. He patted her golden head and gave the justice to understand that his honor was descended from the Spartans and always died in the last ditch, and the fine was reduced to $10 and paid. Then came the brushing away of tears and the return home, followed by family rejoicing that the lamb had returned alive. Then—then—well, don't be stupid. Those things always turn out the same way, and it is the best way.

An Ancient Telephone.

In 1783 M. Linguet de la Bastille issued a prospectus, published in the "Correspondence Secrete," London, 1788 (volume II, page 302), of "a singular machine or experience of the propagation of sound and the voice through tubes prolonged to a great distance." If it succeeded, he announced, people would be able to maintain with their sweethearts and friends at a distance of some hundreds of leagues a conversation which would "become somewhat public on the way, but by suppressing the names no one would be in the secret of the interlocutors." But it is not recorded that the scheme was put into practice. In a paper published in L'Illustration for 1854 by M. Charles Bourseul he says: "Let us imagine that a person speaks near to a mobile plate sufficiently flexible not to lose any of the vibrations produced by his voice and that this plate interrupts and establishes accordingly communication with a battery. Then we might have at a distance another plate which would give at the same time the same vibrations. An electric battery, two vibrating plates and a wire would be sufficient." In apportioning the honors of telephonic discovery M. Bourseul at least would seem entitled to a share.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

[illegible] Pleasantville to speak on [illegible] Rita Lowkes.

[illegible] at the [illegible] by early train. Mr. Jones [illegible] direction with the [illegible] to his Grand Walk to stand [illegible] the doorway of a cheap photographic studio nervously rattling the handle of the locked door and tapping impatiently on the glass panel. Walters was in a condition that comes under the heading of "unfit for publication." He was in his evening clothes; his once shiny silk hat was rumpled and dented, necktie askew and overcoat rumpled. As Allen hailed him he turned a pair of bloodshot eyes and tried to smile.

"What on earth are you doing here?" asked Allen in surprise.

"Want to get my picture taken," said Walters gravely.

"Picture taken? This hour? And in your condition that is to say, without fixing up a bit? Don't be silly, man. Go home and get a little rest." And Allen tried to draw Walters in the direction of a drug store. Walters wrenched himself free.

"I know what I'm doing," he declared. "I want my picture taken—the biggest picture I can get too. And I propose to get it before I leave here." And, turning, he pounded again at the photographer's door.

Although Allen was in a hurry, he felt that he ought to stay by his friend, who seemed to be utterly irresponsible. He coaxed, begged and pleaded, but all the satisfaction he got was the statement, "I know what I'm doing."

Finally, as Allen showed no disposition to let him alone, Walters braced himself against the door and said:

"I was drunk last night, hopelessly and foolishly drunk, and I look and feel it. I'm all mussed up, got a head like a barrel and a throat like a furnace. I'm dirty, disreputable and dizzy and feel like the back yard of an east side tenement house.

"This is the second time I've been drunk in two years. The first time it happened I was with some friends, and in the course of the end of our spree we [illegible] a [illegible] gallery and had our pictures taken just as we were. That picture was the best [illegible] I kept it [illegible] as I was [illegible] drink [illegible] showed me [illegible] by not drinking.

"There was a [illegible] next to me a few weeks ago, and the firemen burst into my place. They upset things generally and smashed my picture all to bits in backing down the mantelpiece to get at the blaze. I lost my guardian angel, so to speak, but felt reasonably sure of myself. Last night I met some congenial friends, and—well, I'm going to get another picture taken if I wait here all day." And Walters kicked savagely at the door, which this time was opened by a sleepy looking man, who ushered him into the studio, while Allen hurried away.—New York Press.

Unnecessary Hurry.

You have promised, let us say, to call for a friend at his office, so as to go down into the country together. He is a stockbroker, merchant, what you will. His place of business being ten minutes' walk from the station, you call after business hours, about a quarter of an hour before the train starts. You find him cheerfully doing nothing unless a cigarette counts for work. He absolutely declines to start yet. It is too absurdly early. After five minutes you suggest departure. By no means will he move. It never takes him more than seven minutes at the utmost. Knowing his walking capacities, you doubt, but acquiesce. At last you are off, and halfway to the train he says: "By Jove, old man, we must hurry up. My watch is slow." So you run—ignominiously you run. If luck befriend you, you just catch the moving train, and as you sink perspiring and breathless into your seat he says: "You see, we were in plenty of time. Never missed a train in my life." Plenty of time, indeed! And all this hurry for nothing. If he had been doing anything—had a letter to write or the like—in those wasted eight minutes, he could forgive him, but he hadn't, or at all events he didn't. You mop your brow and, though he is your very good friend, remember with complacency that this "just" catching trains leads to many coroner's inquests.—London Saturday Review.

A Spider's Web.

It is hard to realize how small a spider's web really is. A famous microscopist once made some interesting comparisons of a cobweb with human hair.

"I have often examined the size of the thread spun by full grown spiders with a hair of my beard," he says. "I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and, from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than 100 of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one such hair. If, then, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form it follows that 10,000 threads spun by the full grown spider, when taken together, will not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair. To this, if we add that 400 young spiders at the time when they begin to spin their webs are not larger than one full grown one and that each of these minute spiders possesses the same organs as the larger ones, it follows that the exceedingly small threads spun by these little creatures must be still 400 times slenderer and consequently that 4,000,000 of these minute spiders' threads cannot equal in substance the size of a single hair."

Elsie's Little Miracle

By Anna Steese Richardson

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It was pretty generally understood that the Billy Daltons were drifting apart. There was no particular reason for this state of affairs, save the lack of something better to do.

You see, they had just enough money so that Billy did not have to work nor Janet to worry about making both ends meet. They had danced their way through several seasons into a lazy, good humored and comradelike engagement, thence into matrimony. After that Billy had continued to lead cotillions and Janet to dance them, but generally with other partners.

Matters between them had reached the point where the minor Luten society papers had suggested covertly that when Billy went to England and Scotland, where he had nothing in particular to do, Janet would probably take up her home in Nevada or South Dakota, there to remain until Norman Stanley returned from Africa, where he was fighting ennui by hunting big game. It was even whispered that Billy Dalton had insinuated to Stanley that it was rather better taste to stalk big game than another man's wife, especially when the other man was perfectly willing to make it clear sailing for his wife if it would make her any happier.

Of course, this sounds a bit strong on paper, particularly to the old fashioned folk who still believe that marriage is a contract for life and not a mere episode. In the set to which the Billy Daltons belonged the situation was accepted as a matter of course, and when Janet asked a lot of people down to their Long Island place for the automobile races and the week end no one thought of refusing just because the Daltons might separate within a fortnight after the gathering.

Each was the situation when the Dalton car broke down on the Jericho turnpike, and its occupants—Janet, Mrs. Greenwalt, Joe Jeffreys and "Marsh" Huntoon—decided to cut through the woods to the Dalton place and leave the car for a farmer to guard until the mechanic who handled the Dalton garage could be dispatched to the scene of the accident.

Perhaps it was not entirely impatience which led them to take the short cut through the woods, but the call of a hundred autumn voices in rustling leaves, rich, warm colorings and the clatter of squirrels laying up winter stores. And thus it was that they suddenly stopped in their tracks and listened to a sound that was not of the woods, but of the nursery—the plaintive wail of a child. Janet it was who found it—a bit of white faced, staring eyed humanity rolled up snugly in a great shawl of Iceland wool.

While she held the baby in her arms and tried to silence its wails with uncertain and awkward little pattings the quartet held a conference. The child was too young to have walked there. Mrs. Greenwalt said it was not a day over two months old. It was too far from the road to be heard by passing travelers. Ah—there was the answer, a wisp of paper tied to the end of the shawl:

"Please take care of little Elsie. It was not her fault that she came into the world, and I can do no more."

"I've always said that the government ought to regulate the question of marriage among the poor," remarked Mrs. Greenwalt severely. "Here is a case in point."

"You are jumping at conclusions," said Huntoon dryly. "Let's take it to the town marshal"—

"And what then?" asked Janet without lifting her gaze from the child's face. The baby had clutched her finger with its tiny fist and settled down as if it had found anchorage.

"Oh, there are asylums and homes for youngsters like this. You'd better hurry along home with it before it begins to howl. One of your men can take it to town before dark. Shall I carry the little beggar for you?"

"Oh, no. She's not a bit heavy, and she is quiet now. She might cry if we changed her position."

They trudged on through rustling leaves and soft Indian summer haze, three of the party chatting gayly; two, the young wife and the baby, looking into each other's eyes as if searching for a new key to the problem of life. Sometimes Janet wished that the child would close its eyes. She did not like to meet that trustful, clear eyed gaze.

* * * * * * *

"Have you disposed of the young stray?" asked Mrs. Greenwalt as they sat down to dinner that night.

Janet started and looked across the table at her husband. He lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

Huntoon's good humored laugh broke the awkward silence.

"What? Don't you know that our party was interrupted by one during our ride this afternoon? Rather a small one, but, my, what lungs it has!"

Janet drew in her breath sharply.

"I wish you would not talk any more about it at present, good people," she said, trying to speak lightly. "I've started inquiries in a quiet way. I don't want the thing to get into the papers—because if no one claims little Elsie I think I—I shall keep her."

"Keep her!" gasped Mrs. Greenwalt. "Why, my dear girl, the place for a child without a name is a foundling asylum."

Janet spoke very softly, yet every word was heard, so complete was the silence.

"I shall give her a name because—once—just once—I saw a line of children walking, rows and rows, by twos, clean and orderly and [illegible] I can't send her there."

Slowly she rose and [illegible] through the clear, brown eyes.

"And I know you will all be kind enough to keep [illegible] quiet until" there was just a slight, tense hesitation "until we decide what shall be done."

Naturally it was talked about, however. In boudoirs and at clubs the question was raised as to what name little Elsie would acquire. Was it not bad enough to be facing a divorce residence in the far west without acquiring an unnecessary incumbrance at the crucial moment?

Within the Dalton bungalow on Long Island stranger things were happening. No clew to the baby's parents had been found. When Billy Dalton dropped down occasionally, as he had been doing for a year past to keep up appearances, his first question was, "Anything new?" and this always meant "anything new about the baby's history." And little Elsie would look up at him with reproachful blue eyes as if asking, "Why do you care?" And the worst of it was that Billy Dalton began to realize that he did care. Janet had changed, and, with an odd sort of jealousy, he realized that it was little Elsie and not he who had brought about the marvelous and altogether desirable change. She was no longer bored. How could she be with Elsie cutting a new tooth every few days and such wonderful hampers of clothes to be bought, fine handkerchief linen, narrow val and convent embroidery? A more fastidious customer had never entered the shops which specialize on layettes, and with her own hands Janet made covers for down pillows, silk tufted afghans and other foolish things, while the tongue of gossip wagged gayly over the whole absurd episode.

One frosty December afternoon Dalton ran down to the bungalow and found Janet standing at the window. The low spreading evergreens on the west side of the house were powdered lightly with snow, and Janet turned to him with kindling eyes.

"Billy, I shall have a Christmas tree for Elsie. She is so bright for her age. I do believe she will notice it."

"Quite likely," responded Billy, with assumed carelessness, as he laid aside his storm coat, "but in making your plans you seem to have overlooked one important fact. As yet Elsie is not really yours. The law"—

Janet turned on him sharply.

"She is mine by right of—everything. I found her, and I love her."

"Yes, but you must formally adopt her. I thought perhaps you'd better see to that before I leave. I've changed my plans a bit. I'm going to meet mother and Grace in Rome for Christmas. The mater has not been feeling very fit. I am not fond of England in winter, and"—

Janet crossed to his side, and her hand rested lightly on his arm.

"Don't you think you'd enjoy much more seeing Elsie have her first tree? And—and I think—I need you—more than your mother does."

Something rose in Dalton's throat and threatened to choke him. It was a sensation he had never felt before, not even during the good natured, lazy run of his wooing. Janet wanted him! He thought he had not cared. Now he knew that he had cared all along. But it was characteristic he did not express his fierce joy in words. He held Janet very close and whispered:

"Well, I rather did hope you'd give the little beggar the name of Dalton. It's a pretty good name after all, eh?"

* * * * * * *

Norman Stanley heard the news when he landed in London. He sent a lion's skin captured by his own hand for little Elsie to roll upon. Then he went to the Nile country for the winter.

Not Too Abrupt.

Radical changes in clothing are seldom safe, at least so the old time grandmothers held. The putting off of winter underwear was likely to be a gradual and prolonged process. That this belief in deliberate adjustment was widespread and inclusive is shown in W. P. Frith's story of his life. He was engaged in painting a portrait of Mrs. Birt, the wife of a prominent business man, who used to bring her little dog to share her sittings.

Mr. Birt was a great lover of dogs, but he entertained a strong aversion to dog collars, so I was surprised one day when Mrs. Birt brought her favorite dog, Ducky, to see a band around the little animal's neck.

"I thought you objected to dog collars, Mrs. Birt," I said. "I see Ducky sports one today."

"Oh, no, that's not a dog collar," returned the lady. "It's only a piece of flannel. The poor dear has had a dreadful cold and a sore throat. She has worn flannel night and day."

"Surely that is too narrow to do any good. The strip is no wider than a collar."

"Oh, it was wider, of course. We have gradually reduced it. She is leaving it off by degrees."

Nothing but the Truth.

Buncum—My physician tells me I am working too hard.

Marks—The M. D. evidently knows his business.

Buncum—Why do you think so?

Marks—I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and I find you have worked us pretty hard.—Detroit Tribune.

The Difference.

Mike—Kin yez tell we phwat's th' difference betwane humor an' wit, Pat?

Pat—Well, it's loike th' difference betwane whin yure wolfe tickles ye undher th' chin wid a shtraw from th' broom an' whin she hits ye over th' head wid th' handle av it.—Judge.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD.

The Famous "Sixteen Strings Jack" and Dick Turpin.

At the Restoration, a noted gaming house adjoining a May scene gardens early in the eighteenth century, Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, used to toast his companions at their farewell dinner when the season ended in the ominous words, "Pray as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again!" John Rann, the highwayman, otherwise "Sixteen Strings Jack," of evil fame, liked to swagger about at Bagnigge Wells in the intervals of carrying out his nefarious deeds or undergoing punishment for the same. He is described as appearing there in July, 1774, "attired in a scarlet coat, tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings and a laced hat. On each knee he wore the bunch of eight ribbons which had gained him his sobriquet of 'Sixteen Strings Jack.'" There were lively doings under the influence of this sprightly gentleman, and on the occasion referred to he was pitched out of a window for offending honest company. Only a few months later he met the reward for his misdeeds on the gallows at Tyburn for venturing to rob the Princess Amelia's chaplain.

Dick Turpin was another "gentleman of the road" who amused himself in the intervals of "business" by frequenting pleasure gardens. He was once moved to kiss a fair lady in public at Marylebone, assuring her, when she protested, that she might ever after boast of the favor she had received. Whether Turpin and gentlemen of similar occupation came to pleasure gardens solely for their diversion may reasonably be doubted when we remember how frequent robberies were in the paths and field ways leading to these sylvan retreats. Watchmen were set "to guard those who go over the fields late at night," yet even so visitors were often attacked and robbed, sometimes in the gardens themselves and sometimes on the road to or from them.

In early days at Marylebone it was deemed necessary to provide the company with a guard of soldiers to conduct them home at nights, a curious winding up to a jovial evening. Pickpockets were of course plentiful at all the gardens despite every precaution, and one night at Cuper's in 1743 a thief caught in the act of taking a lady's purse was rescued from the hands of the police by a band of his comrades on his way through St. George's fields and enabled to escape justice for that time.—Temple Bar.

He Never Hove "Gampy."

Micah Jarrett was a shrewd horse trader to the day of his death. He was slightly deaf and used his deafness in his business to no small degree.

One day he sold an old horse to a neighboring farmer, who thought he had found a great bargain. He changed his mind, however, when, after driving his new purchase a few miles, the beast emitted a series of explosions strongly resembling the exhaust of a locomotive.

Straightway he drove to "Gampy," who was sharpening a knife in his dooryard, his son Abner turning the grindstone. The disgruntled purchaser began a long tirade, which was perfectly audible to the old man, who, however, simulated great deafness and finally remarked, "Hey?"

"You're a skin!" bawled his neighbor.

"Hey?"

"I say you're a skin. This hoss 'as got the heaves."

"Hey?"

"He's got the heaves. Heaves—heaves—heaves!"

The old man looked at him calmly. Then, indicating his son, he said gently: "Never hove me. Hove Abner once."—Boston Herald.

An Elaborately Prepared Crime.

This story of an elaborately prepared crime was told by Sir Robert Anderson of Scotland Yard, London. A criminal marked a millionaire as his quarry and rented a bedroom near the railway station from which the rich man took the train for town. Well dressed and well groomed, he took his seat in the same compartment, attracting notice only by his apparent desire to remain unnoticed while he dealt with the papers he carried in a stylish handbag. One morning after a few such journeys he gave vent to his annoyance at having forgotten his keys. A stranger sitting in the opposite corner politely offered him his bunch in the hope that he would find on it a key to open the bag. But none of them would fit the lock. At the suggestion of the stranger, who, of course, was an accomplice, the millionaire then produced his bunch of keys, and a few seconds sufficed to enable the thief to take a wax impression of the key of the rich man's safe. A few weeks later the safe was rifled, and before the crime was discovered the thief was across the channel with his booty.

Couldn't Fool Him Twice.

The heavy clouds were massing in the west, the lightning was flashing, and the thunder was rumbling ominously. The fond mother gathered her young hopeful to her and tried logically to calm his fears.

"There's no danger, dear. God sends the thunderstorm to clear the air, water the flowers and make things cool. You mustn't be frightened. It won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little chap listened intently, and when his mother finished he looked at her quizzically.

"No, no, mamma," he murmured, "you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist to have that tooth pulled."—Harper's Weekly.

If you are Constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sallow lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome Candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasingly desirable. Handy for the vest pocket or purse. Lax-ets beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents. Sold by all dealers.

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For people who are run-down and nervous, who suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, or torpid liver, coated tongue with bitter taste in the morning and poor appetite, it becomes necessary to turn to some tonic or strengthener which will assist Nature and help them to get on their feet and put the body into its proper condition. It is becoming more and more apparent that Nature's most valuable health-giving agents are to be found in forest plants and roots.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R. V. Pierce, now consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., discovered that by scientifically extracting and combining certain medicinal principles from native roots, taken from our American forests, he could produce a medicine which was marvelously efficient in curing cases of blood disorder and liver and stomach trouble as well as many other chronic, or lingering ailments. This concentrated extract of Nature's vitality he named "Golden Medical Discovery." It purifies the blood by putting the stomach and liver into healthy condition, thereby helping the digestion and assimilation of food which feeds the blood. Thereby it cures weak stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, or biliousness, and kindred derangements.

If you have coated tongue, with bitter or bad taste in the morning, frequent headaches, feel weak, easily tired, stitches or pain in side, back gives out easily and aches, belching of gas, constipation, or irregular bowels, feel flashes of heat alternating with chilly sensations or kindred symptoms, they point to derangement of your stomach, liver and kidneys, which the "Golden Medical Discovery" will correct more speedily and permanently than any other known agent. Contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed in plain English on wrapper.

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make a little more profit. He gains; you lose. Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative; two or three are cathartic.

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The Awful Carib Fish.

A traveler in Venezuela gives an interesting description of the fish of the Orinoco country. He says the party several times came in contact with the carib fish, which are the most ferocious inhabitants of the water known. The fish are not over fourteen inches long but they travel in schools. Their teeth are three cornered. Any living object which attracts their attention is attacked with fury. Mr. Thompson tells of an Indian woman who entered the water to fill a bucket. She was attacked by the fish and reached shore only to die in fifteen minutes. The flesh was literally torn from her body. Mr. Dart, who was with Mr. Thompson, caught one of the fish and pulled it upon the bank. He held the carib under his foot while he pointed at the peculiar teeth with his finger. With a quick movement the carib flopped out from under Mr. Dart's foot and seized him by the finger, cutting that member to the bone. The fish frequently have been known to bite ordinary fishhooks in two.

Progress of Dentistry.

Though dentistry became a science under the hand of Professor Richard Owen as late as 1839, there are evidences that it was practiced in a crude way by the ancients. Herodotus refers to treatment of the teeth by the Egyptians, and evidences of attempts to supply artificial teeth have been discovered in ancient skulls and mummies. Galen was the first physician to speak of treatment of troublesome teeth, and Ambroise Pare, in his work on surgery in 1550, makes mention of the preservation of the teeth. It is only since the middle of the last century, however, that dentistry has become a branch of surgical science. Before that time bad teeth were extracted, and mere tooth drawing constituted dentistry early in the nineteenth century. The first dental school in the United States was erected at Baltimore in 1839. In 1845 Cincinnati boasted of a similar institution, and in 1856 a dental school was erected at Philadelphia.

A Gentleman of the Old School.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences tells a story of her father, a gentleman of the old school, "in nankeen shorts, with white stockings and a brass buttoned blue coat, with big collar, over a beautifully embroidered waistcoat." But he swore, after the manner of the age. "He was traveling at night on the continent alone in a post chaise when the postboy, while passing through a forest, began to drive like a man anything but certain of his way. My father's wrath soon rose, and the explosion of strong language which issued from the carriage so alarmed the driver that, murmuring, 'Je ne veux pas conduire le diable' (I will not drive the devil), he pulled up and, having expeditiously unfastened the traces, made off with his horses at a gallop. My father, I believe, passed the whole night alone in the woods."

Colonial Fear of Lawyers.

In the columns of the New York Gazetteer of Sept. 8, 1786, there was a paragraph lamenting the increase of lawyers as threatening to the future prosperity of the community and degrading to freemen. "An honest trade in former days," said the writer, "was all that people of common ability and education were ambitious of, but now no profession is genteel but the lawyer and the merchant. The lawyers are now creeping into every post of importance and thrusting themselves wherever there is a vacancy. Our congress, our assembly, are crowded with them, and even in our great commercial convention there are five lawyers to one merchant."

He Earned the Hat.

Barty Hilliard, who many years ago lived in a small town in northern Vermont, was noted for his careless vagabond habits, ready wit and remarkable facility for extemporc rhyming. While he was sitting one day in the village store of what is now a part of Montpelier among a group of idlers the genial merchant asked him why he wore such a shockingly bad hat. Barty replied that he could not afford a better one.

"Come now," said the merchant, "make me a rhyme on a bad hat, and I will give you the best I have in my store." Instantly Barty threw the old one on the floor and began:

Here lies my old hat,
And pray what of that?
It's as good as the rest of my raiment!
If I buy me a better
You'll make me your debtor
And send me to jail for the payment.

The new hat was voted to be fairly won, and Barty bore it off in triumph, saying, "It's a poor head that can't take care of itself."—Boston Herald.

In Egypt the cat was sacred to the moon, and when a cat died its master shaved off his eyebrows in sign of mourning.

They Didn't Tally.

"That society newspaper published some very flattering remarks about me," [illegible] Bovaire.

"Yes," replied her best friend; "but it was based on the [illegible] and spelling in the way he did."

"Spell it, indeed! Why, he said I was a beautiful belle of the year—not age!"

"Yes [illegible] he put your age correctly enough in order to fit."

A Matter of Price.

Miss Packway—You are so peculiar in a general way, with [illegible] eyes, are you not? Mr. Carondelet—No, I don't remember that I ever happened across it. But I once read Paley on "Evidences of Christianity," or something like that, when I was a boy, and I found it awful heavy reading.—Chicago Tribune.

The Alternative.

Muggins—I hear you are having your daughter's voice cultivated. Buggins—Yes; I'm afraid it can't be cured, so I am doing the next best thing.—Philadelphia Record.

His Usual Way.

She—It's funny, but all the time I have known Mr. Tigg he never has paid me a compliment. He—Tigg never pays anybody.

Can't Do Him Always.

It is easy to convince a woman that you love her, but it is not so easy to live up to it for a lifetime.—New Zealand Graphic.

Gladstone as an Orator.

"It was a budget last night—about a page of a morning paper spoken in two hours by Mr. Gladstone, and he hardly referred to a note, never paused a moment, broke through cheers, dashed over interpellations—logic, figures, illustrations, extracts—all pellmell, with a whirl and fury that took the breath away. And he did it all with the utmost ease and got to the end without turning a hair. Mr. Gladstone took it all quietly and did it quietly and left the house and went home quietly, probably mentioning to Mrs. Gladstone as a reason for being rather tired that he had been saying a "few words" that evening.—From Whitty's "Parliamentary Retrospect."

Temperatures of Flames.

According to the results of experiments, the flame of acetylene is perhaps the hottest known except that of the electric arc. The following figures have been given: Bunsen burner, 1,871 degrees; acetylene flame, 2,548 degrees; alcohol flame, 1,705 degrees; Demyrouze burner—half alcohol, half petroleum—2,053 degrees; hydrogen flame in air, 1,900 degrees; gas jet flame with oxygen, 2,200 degrees; oxybydrogen flame, 2,420 degrees. These are all centigrade degrees. One degree centigrade equals 1.8 degrees F.

Too Fast.

"The first day he went out with his new auto he got pulled."

"For going fast?"

"No; quite the opposite."

"I don't see"—

"For stopping fast. He had to hire a farmer to haul him home."—Houston Post.

The Boss.

"There's a man at the door, pa," called little Willie from the lower hall, "who wants to see the boss of the house!"

"Tell your mother," called pa.

"Tell the cook," promptly called his mother.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Bird Built.

"There was a strange man here to see you today, papa," said little Ethel, who met her father in the hall as he came home.

"Did he have a bill?"

"No, papa. He had just a plain nose."

As a Starter.

Doctor—Madam, your husband must have absolute rest. Madam—Well, doctor, he won't listen to me. Doctor—A very good beginning, madam—a very good beginning.—Illustrated Bits.

He Was the Limit.

He—Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a girl who was my inferior intellectually? She—More than foolish—impossible.—Answers.

Want of care does us more harm than want of knowledge.—Franklin.

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The **NEWHOUSE** TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The **VICTOR** TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:

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EDGAR W. STRONG,

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New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 31, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read Mrs. Hinman's new ad.

—"Quincy Adams Sawyer" at the Lyceum to-night.

—Belle Mead Sweets are advertised by McCoy's drug store this week. This store carries a full line of confections.

—Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the M. E. chapel, on Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 p. m. A good attendance is desired.

—"Billy" Hallman of the Philadelphia National League baseball team takes a comedy part in "The Volunteer Organist" which appears at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—A little four-year-old son of Mrs. Birdal Keefer of Hazelhurst was quite badly burned about the face last Wednesday while playing in front of an open gas stove.

—A Porter county man, A. D. Rogers by name, imbibed too freely of Gaeton booze and then started with his team for home. The following morning the man and outfit were found in a neighbor's barnyard, the former unconscious! It was found that the man's hands were frozen to the wrists and the toes of both feet.

—Did you ever stop and reflect that it was one thing to talk about people and another thing to have people talk about you? If those of us use our tongues a little too freely, about our neighbors, would stop and reflect about this matter and know the great evil that comes from too much gossip and tattling, we are sure we would call a halt and gossip no more forever, truthfully remarks an exchange.

—An exchange very truthfully says: There is nothing in the world more pathetic than the meek, timorous, shrinking ways of certain old people—we have all seen them—who have given up their homes into younger hands, and subsided into some out-of-the-way corner of it, to sit by the fireside and table henceforth as if afraid of "making trouble," afraid "in the way," afraid of accepting half what is their due, and going down to their graves with a pitiful deprecating air as if constantly apologizing for staying so long. There is no scorn too deep nor sharp for the sons and daughters who will accept this attitude on the part of those to whom they owe so much.

Curing the Bad Boy.

You remember the old fashioned woman who when she heard her young son swearing or using naughty words washed his mouth in soapsuds. There is an Atchison boy who could not be reformed in this way, so his father took him in hand. Every day his father called him in and said: "Now, your mother objects to those naughty words you use, but I, being a man, like them. Go over the list for me." The boy promptly complied at first, but in a few days he tired of the words and has now given up his list entirely.—Atchison Globe.

The Toad and Its Skin.

The toad sheds its skin at certain periods, the old one coming off and leaving a new one, which has been formed underneath, in its stead. It does not give its cast off coat away to any poorer toad, and there are no toads dealing in second hand raiment. Neither does it leave its cast off jacket on the ground after the fashion of the shiftless snake. It swallows its overcoat at one mouthful, converting its stomach into a portmanteau.

Noses Out of Joint.

When I was a girl, the aristocratic nose was high, beautifully modeled, rising in a delicately waving ridge and at the tip standing well out from the face and not turned up. But now the fashion has completely changed. The pretty women one sees portrayed in illustrated papers and magazines very seldom have much to speak of in the way of noses.—Dowager in London Chronicle.

The Difficulty About Our Composers.

"Who is your favorite composer?" inquired the artistic person. "I can't say just at this moment," answered Mr. Cumrox, with an appealing glance at his wife, "but it's somebody whose music I can't remember and whose name I can't pronounce."—Washington Star.

Wicked men cannot be friends either among themselves or with the good.—Socrates.

A Good Patient.

First Physician — Has he got an hereditary trouble? Second Physician—Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son.—Harper's Bazar.

It is well for one to know more than he says.—Plautus.

Your money refunded if after using three-fourths of a tube of ManZan you are dissatisfied. Return the balance of the tube to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully returned. Take advantage of this offer. For sale by [illegible] C. A.

Headache

Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause.

The oftener you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker will it return.

Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably

Lane's Family Medicine

(a tonic laxative) will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.

It is a great blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.

At druggists', 25c. and 50c.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

BEE'S LAXATIVE.

No Opiates, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINING HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

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STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

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DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

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Fruits, Nuts, etc., are best.

Mt Jean County Miner

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 31, 1907

A FIRE in Philadelphia Tuesday destroyed a section of the Baldwin Locomotive works, entailing a loss of $1,000,000.

GEORGE W. WILLIAMS of Wellsboro, Senator-elect of the 25th Senatorial district, to succeed the late Hon. Myron Matson, was sworn in by President Judge Kunkel of Dauphin county and took his seat in that body Monday night.

AT least 50 or 60 persons were killed in an explosion in a mine at Fayetteville W. Va., Tuesday. The explosion was caused by dust in the mine. At the time of the explosion there were about 200 men in the shaft and number killed will not be known until the work of rescue has been completed.

A BILL has been introduced in the State legislature fixing the salaries of Senators and Representatives at $150 a month, or $3,600 for the term of Representatives and $7,200 for Senator. Under the present system Senators and Representatives receive a salary of $1,500 a session. The proposed bill would not apply to the present members.

AN Indiana legislator has introduced a bill in the House at Indianapolis to tax bachelors. The scale of taxation proposed is as follows: From 25 to 30 years, $5 per annum; between 30 and 40 years, $7.50 annually; over 40 years, $10 per year. Bachelors supporting mothers are to be exempted. The fund thus raised is to be applied to the public schools.

THE proposition is being favorably considered of passing an act at Harrisburg whereby all laws enacted shall be published in county papers. This is a very interesting subject. All laws should be made known to the people, but there is so much partisan graft connected with a similar arrangement in other States that it will doubtless meet with considerable opposition.

HUNTERS throughout the State are strongly adverse to the proposed law before the legislature to tax all hunters, and at Lock Haven a few days ago an organization was perfected for the purpose of presenting their protest to the Legislature. The proposed law is to tax every hunter $1 for the purpose of hunting. This might be all right for those who can go out and hunt most of the season, but the poor fellow who might be tied down so it would be impossible to go into the woods more than once while the season lasted would hate to give up the dollar and then perhaps secure no game. It is quite likely that the stand against this bill will become general.

THE Port Allegany Reporter is worried because McKean county has no political boss, which leads the Bradford Era to remark that it should not worry. With the new primary law in force the secret ballot and other reformed election regulations every citizen should consider himself the boss of his own vote. Let ambitious aspirants for office place their names before the people and the voters can do all the bossing that is necessary. There are some energetic Republicans in the county who are striving to become ring masters, but they might as well understand now that their dictation will not be of special consequence.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan 26, 1907.

The coal report of the Interstate Commerce Commission was this week submitted to Congress in compliance with the Tillman Gillespie resolution of last March. It is an important report and covers the inquiries made by the Commission into the operations of the bituminous coal-carrying roads throughout the eastern part of the United States. Many of the details brought out in the testimony were printed in the papers at the time. It was known that the Pennsylvania in particular along with the B. & O., the New York Central, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Norfolk & Western, and a number of other roads were hotbeds of graft, the roads themselves owning the coal mining companies along their lines, while officials both high and low in the employment of the roads were owners of railroad and coal company stock, some of which they bought and paid for, but much of which had been given to them in obvious payment for favors that had been granted in distribution of coal cars to the various mines.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission says that there should be no ownership of coal mining stock allowed by either the railroads or the officials of the railroad companies that transport the coal. After making an elaborate review of the whole system of coal car distribution and the unjust and unequal methods of rating mine capacity now in vogue the Commission recommends that the carriers hereafter be compelled to make public their system of coal car distribution showing how the car equipment is divided between the various mines along the railroads. Further it recommends that a fair and equitable rating of the coal mines in regard to their output be in force, that the ownership of so called private coal cars be abolished, and that the carriers after a reasonable time shall be forbidden to have any interest in the coal mines along their lines, except so far as these mines are exclusively for furnishing fuel to the railroads themselves.

Chairman Shonts of the Isthmian Canal Commission has resigned his position to take the management of the New York subway at a salary approximately three times as great as the $30,000 he was getting as chairman of the Commission. For some reason this action on his part has not brought down on him the wrath of the Administration and the War Department as was the case with Chairman Wallace, who resigned the same job for the same reasons about a year before. Instead of that the President has sent Chairman Shonts a friendly letter wishing him well in his new undertaking, and Chief Engineer Stevens of the Panama canal has already been selected to fill Mr. Shonts' place. It is understood that Mr. Stevens will very soon be rated as the whole Commission. He is perfectly capable of filling the bill and it is believed to be the intention of the Administration to make the canal hereafter a one man power institution with the authority centered in the supervising engineer.

Mr. Stevens was before the Isthmian Canal Committee at the Capitol this week and had something to say on the subject of the much discussed Gatun dam. He said that on the sight of the dam an area of 1200 by 1200 feet had been marked out and 127 borings had been made over this space. They have all of them shown a good and sufficient soft rock foundation which in Mr. Stevens opinion was amply satisfactory for the projected dam. He said that were he paying for the canal out of his own pocket he would be perfectly satisfied with the conditions the borings have displayed. This was the strongest endorsement that the Congressional Committee had so far received.

A river and harbor bill will be put through at the present session of Congress and it will carry in the aggregate a larger appropriation than has ever been made before for this bill. The total will amount to $83,466,138. A little less than half of this will be made available for the coming fiscal year and the rest will be reserved for the completion of current contracts without any time limit on its expenditure. This bill will be of interest to almost every section of the country because while the bulk of the work will be done on the coastal harbor, there will be immense amount done in improving inland navigation on various streams throughout the country and on the land-locked lakes.

Arrangements have been made for the investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs of the recent fray at Brownsville, Texas. The Senate Committee will begin its session in Washington on February 4th, and will be empowered to issue subpoenas for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the discharged negro battalion and possibly for some of the enlisted men also. In view of the fact that the Court martials of some of the men involved will be held simultaneously in Texas, it is possible that preliminary hearings may be begun in Washington even earlier than the date named. No counsel will be permitted to appear at the hearing, but it is probable that some member of the committee, probably Senator Foraker will appear as counsel for the enlisted men. No decision has been reached on the question of sending a sub-committee to Brownsville to prosecute an investigation there.

The President has been considering the report on car shortage submitted to him by the Interstate Commerce Commission with a view to recommending to Congress legislation for the cure of the evil. It has not yet been decided exactly what legislation will be recommended but the Administration is aware that something definite will have to be submitted in order to get action at the present session. The chances are that reciprocal demurrage will be recommended as the most practical cure of the evils complained of. If such a law were put into practice the railroads, the shippers and the consignees would all be penalized for unreasonable delay in furnishing, handling and unloading freight cars. Meantime a great many complaints are being received by the Interstate Commerce Commission as to the fuel famine in the northwest owing to the shortage of cars. Many communities there are suffering great privations and in some cases there is an actual food as well as fuel famine. The Commission is not able to do more than exercise moral suasion upon the railroads, but Senator Hansborough of North Dakota in whose territory much of the suffering has occurred is thoroughly wrought up over the matter and promises to use all his influence in putting through any practical car shortage bill.

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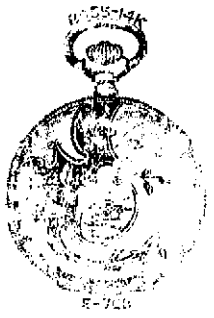

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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Raffaele Grilla, who lately died at Lorain, Ohio, having formerly lived in Butler, Penna., and whose widow and children are now residents of McKean county. All persons having claims against and all persons being indebted to said estate, will present their claims and make payment to the undersigned Administrator at his office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Penn'a., without delay.

THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., January 2, 1907.

Smethport Lyceum

JOHN CLARK, Manager.

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"The Volunteer Organist"

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This week we offer the balance of our stock of Trimmed Hats, Chonks and Furs at a great sacrifice to close out for spring. Also, have a good line of ladies skirts and other winter goods which will go at special cut prices. Now is the time to avail yourselves of getting good values for little money.

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These Shoes comprise the best makes, Nettleton, Terhune, Crossett and Rubin's special makes for the ladies and gentlemen.

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January Clearance Sale

In this I offer all broken lines and odd lots, remaining from my fall and winter business, at cost. All goods sold for cash.

D. C. YOUNG

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January 1, 1907.

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Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

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